MAKARONY FABLES;

FABLES FOR GROWN GENTLEMEN;

LYRICK EPISTLES;

AND

SEVERAL OTHER POEMS;

BY THE AUTHOR OF CRAZY TALES.

Stoïce——————
Quâ me Stultitiâ insanire putas?

HOR.

Cosmo, Myth. Professor.

DUBLIN:
THOMAS EWING.
MDCCLXXII.

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MAKARONY FABLES:

WITH THE

NEW FABLE OF THE BEES.

IN TWO CANTOS.

ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY.

By COSMO,

MYTHOGELASTICK PROFESSOR, AND F. M. S.

Beati non numerant horas.
Ars longa vita brevis.

TO THE

READER.

THAT you may underſtand the propriety of the motto to theſe Fables, which is the motto of the Society of the Makaronies to whom they are addreſſed, know, vacant Reader, that the Franciſcan Makaronies of Medenham, and the brethren of Pall Mall, make uſe, like many other ſchools and colleges, of a Latin of their own manufacture; that in Medenham and Makaroni Latin, *hora* has two acceptations; thus accurately defined in the *Makaroni Cruſca*.

Firſt, it ſignifies that limited portion of time, which being divided into ſmall parts called Minutes, is ſubdivided into as many particles called Seconds.

Now our idea of time being acquired by obſerving the ſucceſſion of our own ideas,

when that ſucceſſion ceaſes, or cannot be diſtinguiſhed, our perception of time, or of graduated duration, ceaſes alſo: as is the caſe when we ſit up all night gaming or drinking; for in thoſe ſituations we neither know nor care how time goes.

The other meaning of *hora*, according to their definition, is thus ſcholaſtically deſcribed—*Ens infinitè diviſibile*—An exiſtence capable of infinite diviſion, or that may be divided *ad infinitum*. Our Saxon anceſtors called this exiſtence a *Hure*, a term that ſtill prevails in Scotland: *Nothus*, in Saxon, ſays the *Cruſca*, *is Hures ſunnu*, or ſon of a Hure.

Beatitude, or Makaroniſhip, conſiſts in the rapid and imperceptible ſucceſſion of *horæ*, taken as parts of time, reſtrictively and finally divided; and likewiſe in the rapid and imperceptible ſucceſſion of *horæ*, in the ſenſe of thoſe infinitely diviſible entities above-mentioned: ſo that the *Beati* continually enjoy both, without taking any account of either.

Beati non numerant horas.

And here, vacant Reader, it cannot be improper to mention a miſtake, that the generality of people lie under, concerning the word Makarony—As moſt of that order have, like Thales, Pythagoras, &c. &c. travelled, and are not only elegant ſpectators of forms, but have an uncorrupted taſte for every elegance founded upon truth and nature; ſuperficial people ſuppoſe they are ſo called, from an inſipid paſte, the ſupport of Italian fidlers, ſingers, and dancers—As if theſe philoſophers were either ignorant of, or deſpiſed the dead languages too much, to borrow the appellation of their ſect from them, from languages that have perpetuated the names of ſects in ſpite of time, tho' their tenets have fallen beneath his ſcythe, and are totally forgotten.

I can aſſure the Reader, that Makarony is derived from μακαρ μακαρ *Beatus*—in the plural *Beati*, or the Makaronies.

As there are many manſions in that houſe, as many orders of the Makaronies there are of Saint Francis——that the Reader may be of that which is the moſt ſuitable to his incli-

nation and circumſtances, is the hearty wiſh of

His humble ſervant,

COSMO, M.P.M.F.S.

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THE

RESIGNATION.

FABLE I.

A CERTAIN houſe ſwarmed with huge Rats,
Traps, poiſon failed, baits they touched none;
An able chief amongſt the Cats,
Picked them up ſlily one by one.
All Libertines that ſtaid out late,
All Vagabonds ſhared the ſame fate;
This rous'd the Hanoverian breed,
It grew to be a ſerious caſe;
If he was ſuffered to proceed,
He would extinguiſh the whole race.
A vote enſu'd, an order paſs'd,
A proclamation for a faſt.
Purſuant to their reſolution,
They watch'd and pray'd, entrench'd like moles,
The Cat by feline inſtitution,
Studied to draw them from their holes.
He knew 'twas folly to pretend,
To act the patriot, or the friend.

What people wiſh they ſoon believe,
The Cat fell ſick and took his bed;
He formed his project to deceive,
By lying down and ſeeming dead;
He ſhut his eyes, his breath held in,
Stretch'd out and ſtreight,
He lay in ſtate,
Juſt like a cat, worth nothing but his ſkin.
He cannot long continue ſo,
Says an old ſage, ſtir not from hence;
This dying comes too à propos,
To be ought elſe than a pretence.
The wiſer ſort maintain'd their ground;
Grimalkin, baffled for this bout,
Roſe from the dead, and with a bound
Rais'd the blockade, and let them out.
Some younkers only, not worth keeping,
That ſally'd forth, pay'd for their peeping.
Even thus according to report,
Edward's Grimalkin left his poſt;
Or in the language of the court,
Thus Gaveſton gave up the ghoſt.
And tho' the ſubtile Gaſcoon lord,
Aſſur'd the barons he was dead;
The barons would not take his word,
Till they had taken off his head.

The court declared him dead in law,
And ſome weak folks bit at the ſhow;
But found that his contracted paw,
Retired to ſtrike the ſurer blow.
Cats ſeldom die a natural death,
As ſeldom Favourites reſign
Naturally, without deſign,
'Till they reſign their forfeit breath.

FABLE II.

THE DOCTOR AND STUDENT.

A LOBSTER, by a ſtrange miſtake,
Scrap'd an acquaintance with a ſnake;
To learn his ſuppleneſs and arts,
He boarded at the ſerpent's houſe;
Lobſters have not the quickeſt parts,
Arm'd cap-a-pie without much [nous.]
The Doctor not the leaſt afraid,
Altho' he knew, Lob was audacious;
Long'd much to try what could be made,
Out of a head-piece ſo teſtaceous;
All that a ſoldier can poſſeſs,
He oft repeated with a ſmile,
With ſtrength and courage, is addreſs,
In other words, a little guile;
As yet you are but raw I ſee,
Tho' far beyond your A B C;

The beſt advice that I can give,
A ſentiment for Kings to drink;
Let every one not only live
According to his rank, but think.
You have a comprehenſive mind,
Lobſters ought not to think like oyſters;
They were not made to be confin'd,
And ſpend their days like them in cloiſters;
To ſtand when they ſhould ſtir and buſtle,
Gaping and ſtudying like a muſcle.
Cadmus preferr'd in all his lectures,
Facts and experience to conjectures;
Lobſters by an inſtinctive force,
Act ſelfiſhly without deſign;
Their feelings commonly are coarſe,
Their honour always ſuperfine.
Unfeeling, reſolute and cool,
But tutor'd in the ſerpent lore;
Lob grew by taking pains at ſchool,
Ten times more ſelfiſh than before:
Serpentine doubts and conſcious fear,
Were hourly whiſpering in his ear;
" That friend of yours ſo dark and ſly,
" Will ſacrifice you in the end;
" Bravely exert yourſelf and try,
" To be before-hand with your friend."
" 'Twas what he often try'd, but found,
Inſtead of gaining, he loſt ground;

Perhaps his brain was too much ſtrain'd,
Too weak to hold all it contain'd;
So through ſome little crack or chink,
His plots were ſmelt, and ſoon detected;
Like ſnuffers cramm'd, that by their ſtink
Betray the ſnuffs they have collected.
But time and fortitude at laſt,
Pay'd him for all his patience paſt;
One day he enter'd without rapping,
And caught the wary Cadmus napping;
Lob ſcarce could credit what he ſaw,
Finding him coiled, and faſt aſleep,
Fatigued with meditations deep,
He choaked his maſter with his claw.
Now ponder well, and be ſevere,
Look ſharp for ſome ſmart application;
'Twill fit both Commoner and Peer,
If you have any provocation;
Whether a Courtier, Stateſman, or a Cit,
Throughout you'll find ſome famous Biter bit.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

A NIGHTINGALE, in her retreat,
Exerted all her native powers;
Compos'd and ſung plaintively ſweet,
To charm the ſilent hours.

A hungry hawk in ambuſh lay,
And ſeiz'd the hapleſs ſongſter for his prey;
The warbling Victim tried in vain,
To melt a cruel Tyrant's heart;
Proof againſt every moving ſtrain,
Of nature, or of art.
Charmer, ſaid he, I wait too long,
Hawks require food, more ſolid than a ſong:
Then with a villain's ſmile he ſtruck,
The lovelieſt tenant of the wood;
In her poor heart his Beak he ſtuck,
Rioting in her vital blood:
Liſten ye fair ones to my lay,
Your ways with trembling caution mark!
How many virgins fall a prey,
To ſome baſe murderer in the dark.
Your youth, your tears, your ſpotleſs fame,
Add to the brutal fire freſh fuel;
Deaf to compaſſion, dead to ſhame,
Selfiſhneſs is always cruel.
Ye candid ſouls whoſe pulſes beat,
With no diſtemper'd ſelfiſh heat;
View here again a wretch oppreſs'd,
And heaven and earth again implored;
Robbed of his property and reſt,
Devoured by a rapacious Lord.
When Avarice and Power meet,
Woe to the humble Neighbour of the Great.

FABLE IV.

THE BLACK BIRD.

IN concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chaunting veſpers in his cell;
Upon the outſide of the wall,
A Black Bird, famous in that age;
From a bow window in the hall,
Hung dangling in a wicker cage;
Inſtead of pſalmody and pray'rs
Like thoſe good children of St. Francis;
He ſecularized all his airs,
And took delight in Wanton Fancies.
Whilſt the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,
Every thing was calm and ſtill;
All nature ſeem'd wrapp'd and enchanted,
Except the querulous, unthankful rill;
Unawed by this impoſing ſcene,
Our Black Bird the enchantment broke;
Flouriſh'd a ſprightly air between,
And whiſtled the Black Joke.
This lively unexpected motion,
Set nature in a gayer light;
Quite overturn'd the Monks devotion,
And ſcatter'd all the gloom of night.

I have been taught in early youth,
By an expert Metaphyſician;
That ridicule's the teſt of truth,
And only match for ſuperſtition.
Impoſing rogues, with looks demure,
At Rome keep all the world in awe;
Wit is profane, learning impure,
And reaſoning againſt the Law;
Between two tapers and a book,
Upon a dreſſer clean and neat,
Behold a ſacerdotal Cook,
Cooking a diſh of heavenly meat!
How fine he curtſies! Make your bow,
Thump your breaſt ſoundly, beat your poll;
Lo! he has toſs'd up a Ragout,
To fill the belly of your ſoul.
Even here there are ſome holy men,
Would fain lead people by the noſe;
Did not a Black Bird now and then,
Benevolently interpoſe.
My good Lord Biſhop, Mr. Dean,
You ſhall get nothing by your ſpite;
Triſtram ſhall whiſtle at your ſpleen,
And put Hypocriſy to flight.

FABLE V.

POUR MOI MEME.

WITHIN a Joyner's Shop upon a Stool,
With countenance ſerene and grave;
A Cat examin'd every tool,
As nicely as Rouſſeau's Eléve.
A File that underſtood its trade,
Provoked her Ladyſhip paſt bearing;
Obſerving the great waſte it made,
By clipping artfully and paring.
I'll ſerve you your own way you knave,
For that, ſays Puſs, let me alone;
I'll lick you with my tongue you ſlave,
'Till I have lick'd you to the bone.
She lick'd 'till her whole tongue was flead,
And laugh'd to ſee the villain bleed;
With blood he was all over red,
Determining the File to kill,
The Cat lick'd on, believing ſtill,
It was the File and not her tongue that bled.
My Gardner, my Coachman John,
My Groom, my Butler, the whole corps,
Are objects to vent ſpleen upon,
Whene'er the bilious pot boils o'er;

But I'll grow better when I'm able,
To fume and fret is not worth while;
I am the Cat that bleeds in Fable,
My Family——the unfeeling File.

FABLE VI.

THE TORTOISE.

CREATURES made chiefly for defence,
Are ſeldom overſtock'd with ſenſe.
A Tortoiſe once, a military Beau,
Hardy to give the beaſt his due,
Walk'd to and fro, ſolemnly ſlow,
Like Pruſſian's at a Review.
Completely arm'd from head to tail.
Proof againſt either cut or ſtab;
As full of blubber as a Whale,
With brains no better than a Crab.
Suppoſe ambition was inclin'd,
To captivate his torpid mind;
What could ſhe do with ſuch a maſs,
All that ſhe could propoſe at moſt;
Would be to lead him to ſome paſs,
And leave him ſtanding like a poſt.
But if conceit inſtead of her,
Should make a puncture in his breaſt;

Conceit can make a Tortoiſe ſtir,
And labour to outdo the beſt.
Accordingly one day,
Buſy and rolling in his way,
Upon his axis like a Porpoiſe,
I mean contemplating himſelf;
Conceit came like a fairy elf,
And took poſſeſſion of my Tortoiſe.
Under a rock the formal fop,
With reconnoitring air and ſtate;
Obſerved an airy near the top,
And ſaw an Eagle at the gate.
Eagle, the Coxcomb cries, deſcend,
I have both Grotto and Alcove;
Be it my glory to attend,
And emulate the bird of Jove.
I feel all feathery and light,
Fluſh'd with warm vigour from freſh ſprings;
Deſcend and mount me out of ſight,
Conſign me then to my own wings.
The Eagle lighted on the plain,
Arguments of all ſhapes he try'd;
Not one would fit, 'twas all in vain,
Some were too ſtrait, and ſome too wide;
Hard by upon a thiſtly bed,
An aged Aſs repos'd half dead;
'Tis nought but Hypocondriac pride,
The fumes that lazineſs had bred;

Before you try to fly he cry'd,
Hop over that old Aſſes head.
The fool like all in that condition,
Always flew out at oppoſition.
Alas! what pains poor envy takes,
The flimſy cap that ſhe puts on,
Is too tranſparent, ſays the Don,
To hide her execrable ſnakes;
Stung to the ſoul with this reproach,
The Eagle bad the ſot approach;
And mounting him high as he could ſoar,
Now 'ply your wings, ſay'd he, 'tis time,
Whether you nobly chuſe to climb,
To fall like lightning, or to ſweep the ſhore.
He ſpoke, down dropp'd the Tortoiſe plum,
With an exploſion like a bomb;
One craſh confounding back and belly,
His armour once as hard as braſs,
Lay like a heap of broken glaſs,
Upon a heap of jelly.
Such I have met with in my walk,
Tortoiſes of diſtinguiſh'd air,
Creeping about to aſk a talk,
At Bloomſbury, or Groſvenor Square.
They all are perſons of great ſkill,
They know what's fitteſt to be done;
Landmen, or Seamen, as they will,
And Stateſmen every Mother's Son;

They can compoſe with their own hands,
All civil broils, all foreign jars;
Not one of them but underſtands,
The diſciplines of Wars.
Let but the Royal Eagle take him,
Take any one, and mount him high;
No arguments on earth can ſhake him,
They all believe that they can fly.

FABLE VII.

THE COOK.

ÆSOP is always a new Book,
Æſop in a judicious hand;
But 'tis in vain on it to look,
Without the Grace to underſtand.
Pleaſant his Fables are indeed,
Fables that infancy may read,
Maturity alone apply.
A Cook was buſy with his Battery,
Two Sycophants, two Knaves, I mean,
Sat by, and play'd with red hot Flattery,
Againſt the Battery Cuiſine.
Both Engineers by profeſſion,
Their Flattery was ſo well planted;
They ſoon diſmounted his diſcretion,
Which was the only point they wanted;

For having built a famous pie,
Larded his fowls, barded his larks;
As he had other Fiſh to fry,
He left the field to my two Sparks;
And whilſt he ſlaſh'd and carbonaded,
Stewed and haſh'd, and gaſconaded,
A Fiſh of a ſuperb appearance,
Vaniſh'd from the Kitchen Table;
Which miſs'd the Cook, and his adherents,
Made a confuſion worſe than Babel;
One of thoſe Fiſh, miſcalled by ſome,
In which St. Peter uſed to deal;
Stamped for himſelf, with his own thumb,
The antient Piſcatory Seal.
Therefore let Peter have the Glory,
Let us to him aſcribe the Dories;
Call it not John but Peter Dory,
Given SUB SIGILLO PISCATORIS.
Advancing to the chopping block,
Peace, cry'd the Cook, your Clamours ceaſe;
Then with his Cleaver gave a knock,
And all the Kitchen was at peace.
Says he, 'twas you, Sir, or your Brother,
No Cat comes here, I'll take my oath;
Therefore it muſt be one or t'other,
He quite forgot, it might be both.
I have it not, the Thief reply'd,
I ſtole it not, cried the Receiver;

Both ſwore, proteſted, and deny'd,
And ſo the Cook layed down his cleaver.
The caſe ſeem'd ſo perplex'd and odd,
And the Cook's thoughts were ſo divided;
All three referr'd the caſe to God,
And there it reſts till he decide it;
Now from this Fable it appears,
Or from this Fable I ſurmiſe;
Some folks give credit to their Ears,
When they ſhould ſcarce believe their Eyes.
This fooliſh Cook puts me in mind,
Of the moſt dupeable of Nations;
Buſy and active, but reſign'd,
To flattery on all occaſions;
And ſo, becauſe my Moral's ſtale,
I'll cloſe my Fable with a Tale.

A TALE.

HOW many Years it was ago,
To aſcertain I don't engage;
Nor in what reign, I only know,
It happened in the Golden Age.
Upon the Record thus it ſtands,
Two worthy Miniſters combin'd;
To play into each others hands,
To cheat and puzzle all mankind;

The ſilly people were cajol'd;
And all their Tricks went glibly down;
At length one of them grew ſo bold,
He lay'd his hands upon the Crown;
And with more Bravery than Labour,
Handed it to his crafty Neighbour;
When you ſay Crown, you often mean,
The Owner, whether King or Queen;
In ſuch a caſe you may believe,
The Prieſts would pray, the Laymen ſwear,
A few would laugh, and ſome would grieve,
And many want to hang this pair;
I have him not by heaven, ſays John!
I ſteal, cries Will, a likely thing!
Stolen or ſtray'd, however gone,
It was not me that ſtole your King.
Thus us'd to puzzle and confound them,
This Nation's fury ſoon was paſs'd;
The people left them as they found them,
Forc'd to appeal to Heaven at laſt;
Fortune was ſeldom known ſo croſs,
Few diſappointments are compleater;
To loſe their King was a great Loſs,
Not to recover him a greater.

FABLE VIII.

A NONPAREIL, an Apple Tree,
A Commoner, haughty and proud;
And a Pome-Granate, a Grandee,
One day diſputed hard and loud;
I am the Favourite of the Nation,
The Apple ſay'd, that's a plain caſe;
I know your Rank and Occupation,
And laugh'd in the Pomegranate's Face;
My Merit's known to all mankind,
I never courted your choice Spirits;
Your noble virtues are confin'd,
Few people know your latent Merits;
Nor know your Virtues, like the Beaver's,
Lie in your ſeminal Receivers.
A Bramble ſneaking like a Rogue,
Out of a hedge, and out of ſight;
Cry'd, Brethren, with a Province Brogue,
Be Friends, and let us all Unite.
When the Great quarrel, the ſmall Fry,
Stir, and affect important vigour;
Then, Æſop ſays, the Cyphers try,
But never can make any Figure.

THE NEW

FABLE

OF THE

BEES:

IN TWO CANTOS.

His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſecuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, et hauſtus,
Æthereos dixere: Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, Cælumque profundum.

VIRG. GEORG. l. iv.

THE NEW

FABLE OF THE BEES.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

A preliminary diſcourſe—The origin of police—The divine right of kings aſſerted upon new principles, more ſuitable to the goodneſs of God and to good ſenſe, than the old principles that are taught at Oxford—The nature of courts—The court of Heaven—The court of requeſts—Angels—Miniſters—The bee-piper——A ſpeech—A prayer—A curſe, in which all good people are deſired to join—The concluſion.

I Never yet beheld that Man,
(With all the temper that you pleaſe)
That ſtarted fair, and fairly ran
Through the old fable of the bees:
Becauſe the verſe the author choſe,
If verſe, like ours, be verſe indeed,
Was made to introduce the proſe,
But never meant to take the lead;

Whereas it ſhould be the reverſe,
The proſe ſhould be the ſquire, or uſher,
To grace and wait upon the verſe,
Not a competitor or puſher.
Verſe ill conducted or miſplac'd,
Meets with cold treatment and diſtaſte,
Much like a ſermon, or diſcourſe,
With which you have been tir'd and vex'd,
Neither begot in a right courſe
Upon the body of a text,
Made nor created, but proceeding,
Incomprehenſibly from reading.
Through a variety of matter,
And learned dirt you ſplaſh and walk,
Both for impertinence and chatter,
Like his own lady's table talk:
But a good parſon hates to poach,
All his delight is in fair ſporting,
No harlot-text will he approach,
But firſt to ſcripture goes a courting:
A text by wooing he obtains,
He takes her in a proper trim,
And ſo begets with proper pains,
A ſermon ſound in wind and limb.
It is a ſpurious production,
Begot in any other ſhape;
Either the offspring of ſeduction,
Or lawleſs iſſue of a rape.

All kinds of governments that are,
That of an emperor or king,
Or of a queen like that of fairies,
Nay even down to my lord-mayor,
Or, what's exactly the ſame thing,
Down even to my lady mayoreſs.
According to the wits of Greece,
And idle poets of all nations,
Have ſtudied bees for the police
Of kingdoms, ſtates, and corporations:
That there are queens that rule the bees,
Has been a point agreed long ſince:
The learned ſay e'en lice and fleas
Are govern'd by a ſovereign prince;
Through microſcopes they plainly trace,
In vermin that eſcape the ſight,
Monarchy and a royal race;
Nature in kings takes ſuch delight.
A fact that leads by ſteps direct,
Farther, perhaps, than you ſuſpect;
That monarchs are of right divine,
Is evidently prov'd from hence,
For Filmer's patriarchal line,
Proves nothing but his want of ſenſe:
This proves to every apprehenſion,
What none but wicked whigs condemn,
That monarchy is God's invention,
Far too ingenious for them:

But then 'twill follow full as plain,
That as they're kings by God appointed,
All kings by the ſame patent reign;
Sovereigns equally anointed;
For the Creator of all creatures,
Is neither fond of ſhape nor ſize,
Nor loves queen Beſſy's eyes and features
More than a ſpider's face and eyes;
Equally Source and God of all,
All kings are equal in his ſight,
Whether the monarch's great or ſmall,
Whether a Brunſwick or a mite.
When treaſon ſpawns, and traitors work,
God will weigh both in equal ſcales,
Whether a deſperate Damien lurk,
Within a rotten cheeſe or at Verſailles.
Kings, therefore, by God's charter reign,
Monarchy ſeems to be a plan,
Contriv'd to puniſh and reſtrain
Licentious inſects and vain man.
Wherever there are kings and queens
There muſt be plenty of intrigues,
Variety of ways and means,
Enmities, jealouſies and leagues;
Both courts and Heaven, as David ſings,
In waiting place their chief ambition,
To ſee God's face, the queen's or king's,
Both call the beatific viſion:

If Heaven be a happier place,
There are no ſexes thereabout,
No miniſters but thoſe of grace;
For all the devils are turned out.
Ladies, I own, one muſt be ſpiteful,
Bad as a Turk, worſe than a Jew,
To think that Heaven could be delightful,
If Heaven had no place for you:
Heaven's harmony, as fools report,
Would be quite drown'd in female noiſe:
Heaven is not ſhut like the Pope's court,
To all but prieſts, eunuchs and boys.
Yes, there are ladies in thoſe bowers,
Ladies that once were made like ours;
But then they level all diſtinction,
Before they enter into bliſs;
Each ſex muſt ſuffer an extinction,
They neither marry there nor piſs.
Our courts are the reverſe of Heaven's,
In everlaſting change delighting;
Always at ſixes and at ſevens,
Intriguing, catterwauling, fighting:
Here we abound in nought but ſin,
Here peace and reſt were never known;
Here all the devils are kept in,
All that have any grace are flown.
Within a hive a wand'ring drone,
Of an uncommon ſize and mien,

Stole by, unnotic'd, near the throne,
And ſtruck the fancy of the queen:
When once a royal fancy's ſtruck,
The ſtriker never leaves it ſhort,
Not only ſtrikes, puſhing his luck,
But kicks the proudeſt of the court:
'Tis not a mighty pleaſant thing,
Nor much in favour of the many,
Who, tho' allowed to wear a ſting,
Are kick'd by creatures without any:
He kick'd them up and down by dozens,
But that which cut them to the quick,
He ſent for all his dirty cozens,
And gave them liberty to kick.
Gentle or ſimple, 'twas the ſame,
Once they began, all was fair game.
An humble bee, once much in vogue,
Who in an inſtant could inflame;
Or, when enraged, the demagogue
Could make an apiary tame:
In an aſſembly, held apart,
Diſplay'd the wonders of his art;
Firſt he deplor'd their preſent ſtate,
Then he amus'd them with a hum,
Then he grew noiſy and elate
And rais'd their ſpirits like a drum:
Drummers and orators by noiſe,
By drumming and by elocution,

Often inſpire both men and boys
With eagerneſs and reſolution.
When their drum's brac'd, if they have ſkill,
They move their audience as they will.
Juſt ſo, by varying his notes,
And adding action to the tone,
He could have made them cut the throats
Both of the courtiers and the drone.
For humble bees to grandeur climb
By oratory humbuzzonic,
Like the great ſpeakers of our time,
By rhetoric ſtenterophonic;
My deareſt countrymen, ſay'd he,
Far be it from me to deſpiſe
A drone for being not a bee,
I hate him for not being wiſe;
When there's no wiſdom in a guide,
When once the guide loſes his way,
Whether we walk or ſail or ride,
'Tis ten to one we go aſtray.
Horrid and deſperatious caſe,
Big with terrificable woe,
If any bees within this place
Are willingly Bee-wilder'd ſo,
Such bees I heartily renounce,
However difinify'd and ſtyled;
Such bees mnſt be, I do pronounce,

Bee-fooled, bee-ſotted, and bee-guiled.
What wickedneſs is left undone?
What folly has not been committed?
You are not only over-run,
By ſtupid drones you are out-witted:
Our colonies do they not bleed?
Are not our brothers ſcorn'd and ſlighted,
Except our brethren from the Tweed,
With us mellifluouſly united?
Is not the cauſe of this well known?
You all of you know what I mean,
You know the bagpipe of the drone
Faſcinates our gracious queen.
What fleſh alive can bear his ſchemers,
And their abominable ſchemes?
Or, who can liſten to his dreamers,
And his interpreters of dreams?
One of his tools try'd to be funny,
Talk'd of his ſavings and his ſparings,
Attempted to ſeize all your honey,
And make you live on apple-parings;
A drone, perdition catch his ſoul,
Full of pretenſions and vain-glory;
So very like a certain mole,
I cannot help telling the ſtory:
With intellects by nature muddy,
A mole kept moiling under ground,
Lived, like Duns Scotus, in his ſtudy,

And got the name of the profound:
At laſt by labouring and boring
Amongſt the blind and the be-nighted;
And, by continually poring,
He was accounted ſecond-ſighted:
His mother, a diſcreet old dame,
Knew well the genius of the youth;
She was not ſuch a dupe to fame,
To take all her reports for truth;
She left her houſe, ſhe came, in ſhort,
To judge herſelf of the report:
Mother, ſaid he, by all that's bright,
I ſaw you tripping o'er the plain;
What a fine thing is ſecond-ſight,
'Tis the perfection of the brain:
I knew you, mother, well enough,
I heard your ſtep an hour ago,
And ſmelt the fragrance of your ruff,
As I was ſtudying below.
That you, ſays ſhe, were always blind,
Was not a point that wanted clearing,
But now, alas, I alſo find,
You've neither feeling, ſmell, nor hearing;
Therefore, to keep your reputation,
Lock yourſelf up, my learned ſon,
Avoid all kind of converſation;
If you converſe, you are undone.
Such is this Treaſurer of yours,

Who ſhould be ſent, might I adviſe,
To baniſhment, far from our flowers.
And live on excrements with flies:
There let him without interruption.
As a reward for his invention,
Grow ſleek and wanton with Corruption;
Let him enjoy a ſtinking Penſion.
Juſt gods! your kind aſſiſtance lend,
Watch and protect the royal comb!
Confound his inſtrument, and ſend
The Piper to his native home:
Diſmiſs his mercenary Drones,
Expoſe them to contempt and laughter,
And finally break all their bones,
If they attempt to enter after.
Whilſt he was ſpeaking all was quiet,
But perorating in that faſhion,
They roſe up like a Poliſh Diet,
And drew their ſabres in a paſſion.
Had he been there in that confuſion,
They were ſo heated with this actor,
He had not ſcap'd for a contuſion,
Nor even for a ſimple fracture.

THE NEW
FABLE OF THE BEES.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

The great humming bee delineated-----A liſt of orators -----An exceeding fine ſpeech——Tories why called ——Concluſion———Moral.

THEIR ſtings they brandiſh'd for a while,
'Till growing cooler by degrees,
An humble bee, with an arch ſmile,
Anſwered the ſpeech of Pericles:
Pericles means, 'tis a Greek name,
A bee of an exalted fame.
'Twas not a common hackney tit,
No, nor Bambalio with his clangor,
Nor Tarantantara, whoſe wit
Is quite as harmleſs as his anger;
Nor he whoſe balmy words run off,
No words run ſmoother or diſtincter,
So oily, they would cure a cough
As ſoon as Hill's balſamic tincture;
Nor the Bee ſwain, a Bee as rare,
All cloath'd in ſattin and in ſilk,
With ſpeech and face both ſoft and fair,
Like poultices of bread and milk;

Nor Boreas, like a rumbling car,
Nor Bumbo, who muſt ever ſpeak ill,
Whoſe eloquence reſembles tar,
Much more than honey or even treacle,
Tho' he is ſometimes called Moloſſes,*
Which ſignifies the ſcum of ſugar,
So ſay'th the druggerman Coloſſus,
Who ſold his maſter Hugger-mugger;
This humble bee far from a ranter,
Could not endure a noiſe and clatter,
His fort was ſly, ſocratic banter,
As to his name 'tis no great matter;
Say'd he, the honourable Humble
Is placed ſo high in our eſteem,
That if he chance to ſlip and tumble,
I ſhall believe it is a dream.
And yet I wiſh he would take the trouble,
To ſhew his conduct in each point;
Right when 'tis ſimple, better double,
Moſt natural when out of joint.
I do not mean I am not ſo blind,
So ignorant a ninny-hammer,
That Pericles ſhould be confin'd
To rules of conduct or of grammar;

* See Judas Johnſon in the word MOLOSSES, and his ingenious conjecture about HUGGER-MUGGER.

I only wiſh that he would ſhew
His right, by purchaſe or donation,
To all the faith we can beſtow,
As well as all our admiration.
'Twould cut at once the Gordian knot,
And reconcile each contradiction,
Tergiverſation be forgot,
Duplicity and dereliction.
In the mean time, on all occaſions,
'Till he complies with theſe conditions,
I muſt conſider his orations
Only as human compoſitions.
'Till he has clear'd this point before him,
Tho' I admire, I can't adore him.
Why are the bagpipes ſuch a ſin?
Or why in him alone a crime?
Pericles try'd them out and in,
But he could never play in time;
And try'd, when it was all loſt labour,
To rival him with pipe and tabour;
Nay, in the porches of her ear,
Like Hamlet's uncle with a phial,
When he could get the queen to hear,
Pour'd the baſe notes of his baſs-viol.
He ſay'd, indeed, that all his playing
Was meant to diſenchant the Queen;
But does he ſay what he is ſaying,
Like people that ſay what they mean?

So far from that, there's not a citling,
That makes excurſions in the ſummer;
There's not a ſingle ſhallow witling,
That does not take him for a hummer:
Therefore I earneſtly beſeech,
In the behalf of this poor nation,
That you will not regard his ſpeech,
More than his life and converſation.
His arguments prove, more or leſs,
However furbulow'd or dreſs'd;
'Tis not ſo much for our diſtreſs,
As for himſelf, that he's diſtreſs'd.
His arguments are truly curious,
He hates him not for his ambition,
Nor as a drone, but he is furious,
Becauſe he is the queen's muſician:
He hates his tunes, he hates his ways,
And hates the pipe on which he plays:
But if a bagpipe be eſſential
To every drone both great and ſmall,
If Pericles be conſequential,
Then Pericles muſt hate them all.
For 'tis recorded in old ſtories,
How Drones and Tories got their name;
Pipes were call'd Drones, and Pipers Tories,
Now Drone and Tory mean the ſame.
His compliment to Drones I take it,
Is not impenetrably deep,

There are ſome Tory heads awake yet,
That he would rather lull to ſleep.
To dream of honey, milk, and wine,
For Tory dreams are always fine,
As children in their nurſes lap,
Or rock'd in cradles ſweetly lying,
Are happier dreaming of their pap,
Than when they're broad awake and crying.
Now take your balance, and compare
His ſpeeches with his life and dealings,
Or elſe you may, without ſuch care,
Take fine profeſſions for fine feelings:
In early youth he loſt his place,
He was a Trumpeter or Cornet,
For ſpitting in the fav'rite's face,
And calling him an ugly hornet.
An old coquete amongſt the waſps,
Whilſt Pericles was freſh and young,
Whoſe ſting and poiſon, like the aſps,
Lay chiefly in her head and tongue,
Long after he was ſent down ſtairs,
Seduc'd him with her harlot airs;
In the waſp cauſe he appear'd hearty,
Aſſum'd their language and their form,
Vow'd to renounce the whole Bee-party,
And take her majeſty by ſtorm:
But when his paſſion was abated,
He veer'd about without much pain;

When love or avarice were ſated,
He turn'd a loyal bee again:
Ador'd the queen, humour'd the people,
In all their fancies and requeſts;
Made the bells ring in every ſteeple,
And drove their foes from all their neſts.
But ah! the inconſtancy of bees!
Roving and changing every hour!
Wafted about by every breeze,
Allur'd by every ſpecious flower;
For now, becauſe the Queen has pitched
Upon the Piper to amuſe her,
Pericles ſwears ſhe is bewitched,
And ſets his mob on to abuſe her:
This ſure is jealouſy and ſpleen,
Not like true love and genuine duty;
For if, like me, he lov'd the Queen,
He could not injure ſuch a beauty:
Yet, to do juſtice to his merits,
He always lov'd the Queen, I know;
It is the fever on his ſpirits.
Makes him forget what ſubjects owe.
As Pericles has ſhewn the way,
Let me too introduce my tale:
In a debate, before to-day,
I have known a fable turn the ſcale.
A Lion with a wand'ring gout,
Upon his couch, or bed lay roaring;

The courtiers all ſtood round about,
Every god and aid imploring.
Excruciated like a martyr,
The doctors brought a thouſand ſlops;
To pave the way for his departure,
They pour'd them down the Lion's chops.
Of all the courtiers that attended,
Waiting about him in a ring,
The Wolf officiouſly pretended,
To ſympathize moſt with the King:
Whilſt we are all in ſuch a fright,
Sir, ſaid the Wolf, it muſt appear,
Neither convenient nor right,
That your attorney is not here;
My friend, the Fox, is much to blame,
Now that your Majeſty's ſo ill,
To roam about killing your game,
When you may want to make your will.
At his return the Fox was told,
How handſomely his friend had ſerv'd him
His ſpite at me is very old,
Says maſter Fox, I have obſerv'd him;
Only becauſe I go a fowling,
Am rich and entertain my friends,
Whilſt he, for very hunger howling,
Is fit to eat his fingers ends.
Volpone, that inſtant ran to court,
Salutes the Wolf quite frank and hearty,

The Monarch cried, had you good ſport?
Sir Reynard, who was of your party?
Your Majeſty, ſays the attorney,
Is miſinform'd about my journey;
That I was hunting, is moſt true,
Making the ſtricteſt perquiſitions
Of the moſt eminent phyſicians
About a remedy for you.
When your gout's fix'd or quite remov'd,
Then, Sir, my care and pious zeal,
For you, and for the common-weal,
Will be acknowledg'd and approv'd.
In the mean-time, I muſt proceed
To tell my ſov'reign of his cure,
His royal heart, I know, will bleed;
I feel myſelf, what he'll endure:
A Wolf muſt preſently be got,
In ſuch a caſe it is no ſin,
Flay him alive, and piping hot
Wrap the King up in the Wolf's ſkin.
Thus Sir, if you will be directed,
Your pains will quickly be abated,
The morbid matter be ejected,
And health and vigour re-inſtated.
The Lion riſing from his bed,
Proceeding without any heat,
With one ſtroke only on the head,
Lay'd the Wolf breathleſs at his feet:

For ſimple vanity indited,
If the Mole's exile was decreed,
I think the Wolf that's ſo ſharp-ſighted,
Was with the greateſt juſtice flay'd;
For to vain-glory and weak pride,
He added perfidy beſide.
If any here was flay'd alive,
Drawn in by any tempting ſnare,
To make the Queen alert and thrive;
'Twas not the Drone's plot you may ſwear:
But to conclude, let me adviſe
Pericles to withdraw his motion,
He muſt at laſt open his eyes,
'Tis ſo undutiful a notion;
Therefore, I hope, that he will uſe
His Sovereign better for the future:
And that you'll vote the Queen ſhall chuſe
Whatever inſtrument may ſuit her.
As ſhe loves bagpipes out of meaſure,
As Pericles is her averſion,
Indulge her royal health and pleaſure,
It is an innocent diverſion:
Let her old piper play his lilts,
Let him go on in his vocation;
Suffer not Pericles on ſtilts,
To take away her conſolation.
They all concurred, as you will gueſs,
And as you muſt have pre-conceiv'd,

Drew up, and went with an addreſs,
And were moſt graciouſly receiv'd.
The whole was nothing but colluſion;
But what makes me, and ſhould make you ſick;
Pericles, chief of the confuſion,
Was made the chief of the Queen's muſick;
And thus theſe two renown'd debators,
Amus'd the people with ſham matches;
And, like two honeſt gladiators,
They made the fools pay for their ſcratches.
The Piper pipes, the Drones continue,
The Buzzers only gape and gaze,
Pericles, with a grand retinue,
Is humming ſomewhere about HS.

MORAL.

'Tis Anti-Mandivally true,
True as the Goſpel, or St. Paul,
The private vices of a few,
Will be the ruin of us all.

3 AU59

A

PASTORAL CORDIAL,

OR, AN

ANODYNE SERMON:

PREACHED BEFORE

THEIR GRACES N. AND D.

IN THE COUNTRY,

By an INDEPENDENT TEACHER of the TRUTH.

Τȣσδε δὲ μοιρ' εδαμμασσε θεᾶν ϗ σκετλία ἔργα. HOMER.

THIS ANODYNE METRE

IS DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY THE INDEPENDENT PREACHER

TO THE

MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMY OF BELLES LETTRES

THE CATCH CLUB:

TRANSLATED FROM OXFORD

TO THE CAPITAL IN THE YEAR 1761:

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF SOUND DOCTRINE

AND ENLARGED PRINCIPLES

ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL;

FOR THE

ENCOURAGEMENT AND MAINTAINANCE

OF POLITE LEARNING,

THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE,

AND AN ORNAMENT

TO THE LONG WISH'D FOR REIGN

OF A PATRIOT KING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

PASTORAL CORDIAL,

OR, AN

ANODYNE SERMON.

The Battle is not to the Strong;
Nor to the Swift of Foot the Race:
But Time and Chance to all belong,
Whether they're in, or out of Place.

I Shall ſo handle, by God's Bleſſing,
The ſubject Matter of my Text,
That you will ſoon grow tired of gueſſing
What I propoſe to offer next;
An Art if ſtudied with ſome Care,
Which in its Object ſeldom fails,
And tho' firſt practis'd on the Fair,
Succeeds as well upon the Males.

By means of this ſublime Invention,
Many an Orator and Clerk,
Eluding the moſt ſtrict Attention,
Has wooed and won you in the dark.
The Head and Heart are often ta'en,
Like other Fortreſſes by Storm,
Some cannot ſtand a COUP DE MAIN,
That would hold out a Siege in Form.
Inſpired CROMWELL and Sir HARRY,
Like Eagles mounting in their Flight,
Would never ſtoop to ſtrike their Quarry,
'Till both were loſt and out of Sight:
Deſpiſing Rules above all Plan,
Borne on the Wings of Prayer and Praiſe,
Burſting into the inward Man,
They ſet the Spirit in a Blaze;
Which by the outward Man's Aſſiſtance,
Serv'd for a Beacon to the Godly,
And kept the Devil at a Diſtance,
He look'd ſo fierce, and talk'd ſo oddly.
I hate to wander very wide;
A ſkilful Orator proceeds,
Like modeſt Folks that ſtep aſide
Only when forc'd to do their Needs.
So Senators by antient Uſe,
When they no longer can contain,
Juſt ſtep aſide to ſpirt Abuſe,
And to their Text return again.

The Battle is not to the Strong,
'Tis moſtly by the Weaker won,
But moſtly is not all along,
Nor quite ſo certain as a Gun.
Now tho' you're worſted in the Battle,
There ſtill ariſes a Diſpute,
Which may be difficult to ſettle,
Who is the weaker, You or BUTE?
Taking it either Way for granted,
Seeing you're out, and he is in,
There's ſtill a Point to be deſcanted;
Whether it ſignifies a Pin?
Then for your Graces and each Whig;
Another Point requires ſome Thought,
Whether You Both are worth a Fig,
Or all your Party worth a Groat?
Theſe Points diſcuſs'd, and fairly tried,
The reſt in Order will ſucceed,
Drawn out, diſplay'd, and ramify'd
Like Pedigrees, or like a Creed.
First then, I'll ſhew that you are weaker,
So weak and waſhy that you may be,
By any weak and waſhy Speaker,
Prov'd to be weaker than a Baby.
Weakneſs is of a two-fold Kind,
And is of different Degrees,
Either of Body or of Mind,
Explain'd by Acts that flow from theſe,

That from the Mind and Body flow,
Like Torrents, oft with Oſtentation,
But thoſe that know them, alſo know,
How ſoon they're dry ev'n to Privation
How ſoon the Bully's Race is run!
How ſoon his Impotence deſcry'd!
How ſoon the ſimple Maid's undone,
That truſts her Virtue to her Pride!
How ſoon that Eloquence ſo rapid,
Whipt to Verboſity and Froth,
Subſides, and grows taſteleſs and vapid,
And innocent as Chicken Broth!
Like a young Puppy forc'd to clamber,
Slipping and ſtruggling up a Stile,
I once got to a Levee Chamber,
And was embarraſs'd for a while;
The Dog finds footing at the Top,
He wags his Tail, and cocks his Eye,
Before he leaps, he makes a Stop,
And makes Remarks, and ſo did I.
I ſhou'd have wept, but by good Luck,
Inſtead of being melancholy,
I laugh'd to ſee ſo many ſtruck
With Imbecillity and Folly:
To ſee ſo many as one finds;
So many, with the greateſt Names,
Entangled in the weakeſt Minds,
And the moſt deſpicable Frames.

I pitch'd on one, whom I affirm,
To be a perfect Scale or Model,
To try a Body that's infirm,
Or mark the Weakneſs of a Noddle.
I ſaw the Phantom enter in,
He look'd, as if he came to fright us;
Dancing with a palſied Grin,
The Dance according to Saint Vitus.
A Ring was form'd; with Starts and Catches,
He ſcuttled round and round within it,
Juſt like the Pointers of ſome Watches,
That point the Seconds of a Minute.
His Eyes were void of Speculation,
His Nerves, entirely void of Feeling,
His Tongue was made for Heſitation,
His Legs were only made for Reeling.
How ſhould an Olive Chaplet twine
Round ſo ridiculous a Wig?
How ſhould ſuch Shoulders, ſuch a Chine,
Produce one ſingle Olive Twig?
Do but apply, 'twill ſave much Trouble,
This Model, for your own Diverſion,
If BUTE's not ſtronger, more than double,
Mine was an impudent Aſſertion.
Tho' One of You in his firſt Stage
Made an Athletic mobbiſh Figure,
When did he ſhew, at any Age,
Any other Kind of Vigour?

Your Rival's Vigour and Addreſs,
At ſuch an Age, ſuch Strength and Fire;
Such a Continuance of Succeſs,
Many Folks envy; I admire.
Not to inſiſt upon this longer,
For it can only teaze and vex;
He is allow'd to be the ſtronger,
By the beſt Judges in each Sex.
I ſee you'll wave this Point at length,
Perhaps ſuch Glory you deſpiſe,
Perhaps you place your greateſt Strength
Upon the Strength of your Allies.
Ye Sons of Vice and vain Deſigns,
What Heat, what Force can you impart,
Tied by the Bonds of Dice and Quinze,
And the looſe Follies of the Heart?
A Union deriv'd from Pelf,
Where each contributes his whole Labour,
Each only working for himſelf,
Leaves his Engagements to his Neighbour.
Like thoſe Machines, abſurd and puzzling,
Where no one Spring controuls the reſt,
All independent and all buſtling,
As if they acted for the beſt.
Like an Alliance with the Tartars,
They hurt your Friends more than your Foes,
To keep them out of one's own Quarters,
Is all the Good one can propoſe.

Such Troops muſt fly from You and Ruin,
Driven by an inſtinctive Force,
Like wild Geeſe when a Storm is brewing,
Flying o'er Newmarket Courſe.
Your happy Rival's Powers behold,
United like the Theban Band,
By Love, but not the Love of Gold,
Nor any Love I underſtand.
The Men of Cocoa take the Lead,
Not for their Enmity to PIT,
Nor for the Love they bear the Tweed,
Nor for their Valour, nor their Wit;
Nor for their Loyalty, in brief,
Which they have very lately ſlipt on;
But for their Faith, and firm Belief
In Second Sight * and Mother SHIPTON.
Inflam'd with Wine they ſcour the Fields,
Than any Bacchanalians madder,

* Some Refiners pretend, that by Second Sight is meant that Pertinacity, with which the *Cocobites*, like the *Jews*, are conſtantly looking for a Second Redeemer or *Meſſiah*; and that their Faith in Mother *Shipton* means their zealous Attachment to the Church, that is, to the old infallible Church, whoſe Infallibility is founded upon Anility; a Term uſed by Schoolmen for the moſt perfect Kind of Tradition; for Tradition derived from the moſt remote Age, which is DOTAGE.

With quaint Devices on their Shields,
JACOB's Staff, and JACOB's Ladder.
Obedient, inur'd to Toils,
Their Northern Brethren next appear,
Big with the Proſpect of your Spoils,
His exil'd Forces cloſe the Rear.
Pride is hateful in Heaven's Sight,
But Vanity it muſt forgive;
Without it, none would ever write,
And many would not bear to live.
Vanity ſoon begins to droop,
Snubb'd by the ſlighteſt Oppoſition,
But ſtubborn Pride will neither ſtoop,
To Heaven, nor the Inquiſition.
If any Pride be lurking here,
Of which I harbour no Belief,
Whether a Commoner or Peer,
I give him up to endleſs Grief.
Such Imputation on your Graces
Admits no Shadow of Pretence;
You both have acted in all Caſes,
Diveſted of that ſinful Senſe.
To ſuch as you I mean to ſpeak,
My Preaching has no other Scope,
To the poor-ſpirited and Meek,
They ſhall find Comfort and ſure Hope.
Leſt Vanity upon the Road
Should draw you in to a Relapſe,

I muſt ſtill urge you with my Goad,
And give you mortifying Raps.
  Of mental Powers, next I treat,
The Vulgar claim ſo great a Share,
They're of leſs Value with the Great,
Tho' not leſs worthy of their Care:
For by the Help of the beſt Stuff,
The Vulgar, now and then, no doubt,
Contrive to do things well enough,
Almoſt as well as you without.
  Some Powers are active, fiery, bold,
Some to Neutrality inclin'd:
Others are timorous and cold,
Totally paſſive and reſign'd.
The firſt is like a Zealot preaching;
The Neutral like a roſy Dean;
The Paſſive like a Curate teaching,
Hungry and weary, poor and lean:
Or like a Cuckold doom'd by Fate
To riſe when his Lieutenant knocks,
And give up both his Bed and Mate
As if he kept a Play-houſe Box:
Or like ſome Governments we know,
The Firſt a Monarch to a Tittle;
The Neutral ſerves to make a Show;
The Paſſive ſerves for very little.
Laſtly, the Firſt in many Senſes
Is like his Lordſhip with his Hounds,

Breaking down every body's Fences,
Riding in every body's Grounds;
All Things obey his Lordſhip's Beck,
All yield to his ſuperior Skill,
His poor Toad-eater breaks his Neck,
Compell'd to leap againſt his Will.
As for theſe Three which we have reckon'd,
Your Graces evermore poſſeſs'd
Leſs of the Firſt than of the Second,
More of the Third than all the reſt.
The active Principle within
Produces ſometimes on the Brain,
A Rage and Violence like Gin,
Sometimes a Spirit, like Champaigne.
O HOLLES, once, but ſeldom ſince,
You felt that Flame, when you withſtood
And ſent a Challenge to a Prince,
To fight for an old Lady's Hood *;
Spite of that Prince's Oppoſition,
The Hood was won, in Triumph led,
And from that Time your chief Ambition
Has been to wear it on your Head.
In ſhort, this mental Power of late
You've by Degrees ſo melted down,
It only ſerv'd like your Gold Plate,
To do the Honours of the Crown.

* Chancellorſhip of *Cambridge* which he carried againſt the late P . . . . . of *W*. . . .

The Powers in which you are moſt able,
In which you both have always ſhone,
Have ſmall Weight at a Council Table,
Or any Tables but your own.
One may be forc'd to uſe their Aid,
But theſe indeed, are Times of Need,
Juſt as one's forc'd to ride a Jade,
Tho' ſhe has neither Wind nor Speed:
If you bait oft, if you riſe ſoon,
If when ſhe's ſtaling, you'll attend,
And nap not in the Afternoon,
She'll bring you to your Journey's End.
Your Graces ſhould have been inclin'd
To move like Planets in your Places;
To plodding One have been confin'd;
One to the Circle of Grimaces.
I mean oblig'd only to plod,
To plod and not to underſtand;
No more oblig'd than a white Rod
Is bound to be a Conjuror's Wand.
A thing deſign'd to catch the Eye,
That knows no other End nor Trick,
All that is ſignify'd thereby,
Is nothing more than a white Stick.
'Tis born by Chamberlains and Shrieves,
But why, I can no more explain,
Than why a Biſhop wears Lawn Sleeves,
Or why a Page muſt bear his Train;

Or why Archbiſhops ſhould not rather
Give up to God with one Accord,
The Title of Moſt Reverend Father,*
And be content with that of Lord.
Why Kings, that are ſuch precious Things,
Are made like us of Fleſh and Bones,
Inſtead of making them like Rings,
Nothing but Gold and precious Stones.
Or why it is eſteem'd ſo hard,
To fall into ſome Lady's Clutches,
That a red Ribbon's the Reward
For venturing to wed a Ducheſs.
Your Rival's Parts I will not mention,
And yet to give him but his Due,
There's no Occaſion for Invention
To prove that He has more than You.
Great Parts are oft expos'd to Laughter,
To Wickedneſs are oft ally'd,
Thoſe are beſt off here and hereafter,
That have no more than they can guide.

* The Title of Moſt Reverend Father is impious. Surely God the Father is the Father the moſt worthy of Reverence. As to the Title of Spiritual Lord, I ſee no Inconvenience in their aſſuming it; at leaſt, like your Grace or your Worſhip, it implies no Impiety; it only implies Nonſenſe. Where is the Senſe of a Spiritual Lord or a Heavenly Lord? All the Lords that we know are either *Britiſh* Lords or *Iriſh* Lords: Carnal, Subſtantial, and Terra Firma Lords.

You are the foremoſt of the latter,
Grant him the firſt, no more contend,
And I foreſee; I do not flatter,
You'll make a ſweeter latter End.
Your Rival having made his Puſh,
And kick'd you out without Remorſe,
Whether it ſignifies a Ruſh,
Is the next Part of my Diſcourſe.
If you are treated ill and put on,
'Tis natural to make a Fuſs;
To ſee it and not care a Button,
Is juſt as natural for us.
Perhaps from Men of greater Faſhion,
Greater Profeſſions you may draw,
You may extract all their Compaſſion;
The Extract is not worth a Straw.
Like People viewing at a Diſtance
Two Perſons thrown out of a Caſement,
All we can do for your Aſſiſtance,
Is to afford you our Amazement.
We ſee Men thrown from a high Story,
And never think the Sight's ſo odd,
Whether the Patient's Whig or Tory,
But take things as it pleaſes God.
For an impartial Looker on,
In ſuch Diſaſters never chuſes,
'Tis neither Tom, nor Will, nor John,
'Tis the Phænomenon amuſes.

In Holland thus, Peter the Great,
Wanting to ſee a live Diſſection,
Bid them take any of his Suite,
To be cut up for his Inſpection.
He cared not where the Choice might fall,
Of Perſons he was no Reſpecter,
He would have parted with them all,
For ſuch an edifying Lecture.
In Characters like his compleat,
No partial Preferences ſtrike,
Like him great Monarchs ought to treat
Their loving Subjects all alike.
Whilſt ſuch an Enmity endures,
Bones muſt be broken, Heads muſt ake,
We had as lief they ſhould be Yours,
As any others for your Sake.
Sermons, eſpecially of late,
Like moſt Narcotics are too heady,
They ſink you with a deadly Weight,
Unleſs you have ſharp Acids ready.
If this ſhould be too ſharp and biting,
I do proteſt 'tis my Miſtake,
I have no Thoughts at all of ſpiteing,
I only want to keep you awake.
I muſt entreat you not to doze,
Keep a good Watch over your Heads,
At Night you'll find that your Repoſe
Will be more pleaſant in your Beds.

I find your Graces hope for Favour,
And dream of popular Applauſe,
For a moſt regular Behaviour,
A ſtrict Conformity to Laws.
And you inſinuate, your Rival
Has Tenets hurtful to the State,
That all his Aim is the Revival
Of every Tenet that we hate.
But if his Intereſt's the ſame,
As it's the ſame with your's in fact,
When he's purſuing the ſame Game,
You need not tell us how he'll act.
Like You entruſted with his Purſe
Why ſhould he, when he knows his Trim,
Exchange his Maſter for a worſe?
I only mean a worſe for him.
Like you he may grow ſo refin'd,
When all his Intellects are purg'd,
To think that Princes were deſign'd,
Not for a Scourge, but to be ſcourg'd.
If he has been a Friend to Learning,
And early plighted her his Troth,
Like You he may grow more diſcerning,
Like You he may become a Goth.
Pray where's the mighty Obligation,
For leaving Matters as you found them?
Is it becauſe of the Temptation,
When they're well ſettled to confound them?

You are no Jacobite I ween,
You have deſpis'd them from a Boy,
Juſt as a Chineſe Mandarine
Deſpiſes a poor Talapoi *.
Your Lives, your Wealth, for which I'm troubled,
In the Court's Service have been ſpent;
The more Fools you, both to be bubbled,
And damn'd, unleſs you well repent.
What's that to Us? muſt We the Rabble
All fall together by the Ears
For an unintereſting Squabble,
Amongſt you intereſted Peers?
Why ſhould we run and heat our Blood,
And be ſtirr'd up to an Alarm,
For Men that cannot do us Good,
And dare not do us any Harm?
You've heard the Words of an old Song,
A wiſer than the Song of Songs,
That certain Folks can do no Wrong,
Others muſt anſwer for their Wrongs:
Were I to anſwer for another,
Both drunk and ſober, ſad and gay,
Even if 'twas for my own Brother,
I'd think on't often in a Day.

* The Talapois are a Sect of *Indian* Philoſophers, whoſe Syſtem of Happineſs runs upon four Wheels; Idleneſs, Ignorance, Obſtinacy, and Beggary.

If this has ſometimes made you pale,
And made the Sweat run down your Phiz,
Why ſhould we think that it can fail
To have the ſame Effect on His?
  Your Graces are deceived no leſs,
In our Opinion of the Skill
Requir'd for Charges, which we gueſs
Any One of us could fill.
Tho' ſome may rate your Science high,
'Tis all Pretenſion and Parade,
To a judicious Stander by,
Your Science muſt appear a Trade.
  But not to enter into Meaſures,
When was ſuch Madneſs ever known,
To truſt One with the Nation's Treaſures,
That can't be truſted with his own?
Muſt it not always be in Straits,
For ever growing worſe and worſe,
For ever pledg'd like your Eſtates,
Like them, for ever ſent to nurſe?
From ſuch Opinions you'll conclude,
That far from wond'ring at your Parts,
We all conceive ourſelves endued,
With as much skill, and as good Hearts.
  My Thoughts of Government, tho' vain,
Are ſingular and entertaining:
How many Parts it may contain,
And what they're like, is worth explaining.

They're Three, and each like a wild Beaſt,
The Firſt to a Lion I compare,
The next a Tyger from the Eaſt,
The Third is like an Alpine Bear.
The former with Sheeps Heads are fed,
Fleſh is beſt ſuited to their Maws;
The Bear will live upon Rye Bread,
And on the Suckings of his Paws;
Bruin's not nice about his Food,
But very fond of Fun and Play,
He's neither covetous of Blood,
Nor ſullen like thoſe Beaſts of Prey.
Suppoſe them thruſt into one Den,
Carefully managed and obſerv'd,
By any of thoſe vulgar Men
By whom ſuch Animals are ſerv'd;
To keep their Union entire,
They muſt be brought up all together,
And if they're fed as they require,
They may be govern'd by a Feather.
But ſhould their Keeper without Scruple.
Let out his Lion in a Crowd,
Neither th' Excuſes of the Pupil,
Or Governor, will be allow'd.
They'll ſend the Tutor for his Frolick,
(Shooting his Pupil in their Rage)
To lie like Quixote in the Cholick,
Stinking in an enchanted Cage.

'Tis all the ſame, Tyger or Lion,
It would have been as bad a Job;
The Bear was ſafer to rely on,
The Bear's a Favourite of the Mob.
I hope your Graces at laſt ſee,
That we, who never taſte your Feaſts,
Care little whether You or He,
Have the Direction of the Beaſts.
Your Value has been fairly ſtated;
Nothing remains but to enquire,
Whether your Party can be rated,
With any Reaſon, any higher.
Like the Phyſicians of the College,
Or the Phyſicians of the Soul,
The Whigs, with greater Zeal than Knowledge,
Would fain preſcribe without Controul;
Princes muſt bow to their Decrees,
None of their Fancies be neglected,
Their Dreams like Saxe's Reveries
Muſt both be ſtudy'd and reſpected.
If Dreamers muſt reform the State,
If Dreamers are to be the ſtrongeſt,
Thoſe ought to have the greateſt Weight,
That have continued to dream longeſt.
Yours are the lateſt and the neweſt
And therefore I infer with Truth.
Thoſe are the ſtrongeſt, and the trueſt
That have been Dreamers from their Youth.

'Twill alſo follow from this View,
That all your Schemes muſt come to nought;
That neither You, nor the whole Crew,
Are all together worth a Groat.
Say then, who are the ſtrongeſt Dreamers?
They who for ever have been croaking;
Whoſe Dreams occaſion Sweats and Tremors,
Convulſions, Strangling and Choaking?
Thoſe Dreamers, Cocoa, are thy Sons,
Entranc'd in Viſions half an Age;
That come at laſt in Swarms like Huns,
And drive the Whigs quite off the Stage,
Oblig'd to ſeek, like routed Bees,
A Shelter for their wretched Lives,
In dreary Vales and hollow Trees,
Far from St. James's honied Hives.
Here I'll give you a reſting Place,
The only Place in my Diſpoſal;
People in your neglected Caſe,
Ought to be glad of the Propoſal.
It is a Sine Cure compleat,
Which for your Lives I'll let you keep;
Nothing to do but drink and eat,
To ſhave, repent, and go to ſleep.
All your Miſcarriages ariſe,
In Spite of all that you advance,
From your pretending to be wiſe,
And not depending upon Chance.

When did Chance fail you at a Pinch?
How many times, you know full well,
When you durſt hardly aſk an Inch,
Has not ſhe given you an Ell?
How many Years, to our Surprize,
When Foes oppos'd you without Number;
Subſidies, Armies, Fleets, Supplies,
Kept rolling on in one ſoft Slumber?
By Time and Chance at firſt you roſe,
By Time and Chance at laſt you fall;
They humble you and raiſe your Foes,
For Time and Chance happen to all.
Be therefore patient and reſign'd,
To Time and Chance alone attend;
Truſt not yourſelves in any Kind,
You cannot truſt a weaker Friend.
The Battle is not to the Strong,
Nor have the Weak always prevail'd;
If they did always right or wrong,
Your Graces never could have fail'd.
You're us'd to Sermons better dreſs'd,
But Exerciſe, and Country Air,
Will help your Graces to digeſt
My coarſe, but not unwholeſome, Fare.
And may the Peace of God enlighten,
And ſet your Hearts and Minds at reſt,
And may you evermore delight in
A ſnug and comfortable Neſt.

And that which You could have no Hand in,
The Peace of Bute upon You ſhine,
A Peace above your Underſtanding,
As much as Yours was above Mine.

QUERIES

TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

YE judging Caledonian Pedlars,
That to a ſcribbling World give Law,
Laid up engarretted, like Medlars,
Ripening Aſperity in Straw!
Ye Guardians of the Tree of Folly,
The Cocoa-Tree*, whoſe Leaves are clad
In Green eternal, like the Holly,
Variegated like a Plaid,
On which a Flower perennial grows,
Worn at the Cocobittic Games,
Between the Lilly and the Roſe,
Inſcrib'd with ſilly Royal Names†!

* *Rabelais* ſpeaks with great Reſpect of this Tree, Book iii. Chap. li. Page 351. tranſlated by *Ozell*.—"If the Worth and Virtue thereof, ſays he, had been known, when thoſe Trees, by the Relation of the Prophet, made Election of a wooden King to rule and govern over them, it without all Doubt would have carried away from all the reſt, the Plurality of Votes and Suffrages."

† Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina regum
Naſcantur flores, et Phyllida ſolus habeto!

I come with no felonious Hand
To ſteal one Bloſſom from your Tree;
Right well I know, and underſtand,
It was not planted there for me.
I come to aſk you a few Queſtions:
Why ſhould a Hodge-podge make you queaſy,
You who for Crowdys have Digeſtions,
On whom e'en Haggeſſes ſit eaſy?
I come to aſk why the Sublime
Delights to dwell under Scotch Bonnets?
Why Humour, Wit, Poetic Rhyme,
Are only found in Scottiſh Sonnets?
And if in Scotland they are found,
And any one pleaſes to ſhew them,
Either above, or under Ground,
To lay you Odds you will not know them.
Alſo to aſk you one Word more:
What makes the Tories, your good Maſters,
As reſtleſs, feveriſh, and ſore,
As People wrapt in Bliſtering Plaiſters?
Whether 'tis true that they're ſo tender,
And apt of late to take Things ill,
Becauſe their Friend, the old Pretender,
Has ſtruck them out of his laſt Will?
Whether 'tis true, or a Whig Fiction,
That Shoals of Exiles now at Calais,
Will fill up the Whig Dereliction,
And fill up all St. James's Palace!

If you will tell us this ſincerely,
The Cordial Preacher and Adviſer
Will make you underſtand him clearly,
And tho' no better, make you wiſer.

POSTSCRIPT.

My Compliments to Doctor S.
To whom this Poſtſcript I addreſs.

Phyſician, Critick, and Reformer,
Expounder both of Dream and Riddle,
Hiſtorian and chief Performer
Upon the Caledonian Fiddle!
Maſter of Dedication ſweet,
Renown'd Tranſlator of Tranſlations—
That like old Cloaths in Monmouth-ſtreet
Diſplay their glittering Temptations—
You are ſo us'd to a Northern Trammel
You cannot enter into Lyric Fable,
One might as well expect to ſee a Camel
Paſs through a Needle's Eye into a Stable:
And therefore I am forc'd to ſtudy
To find out ſomething you can underſtand,
Pleaſant and freſh, tho' ſomewhat muddy;
Juſt like the Mug of Porter in your Hand.
And yet, when all is ſaid and done,
This Something's nothing but a Pun.

A PUN.

You are ſo very good at Smelling,
For we have often heard you tell it,
I wonder you don't change your Spelling,
And write yourſelf Profeſſor Smellit.

3 AU 59

LYRIC CONSOLATIONS.

WITH THE

SPEECH OF ALDERMAN W——

DELIVERED IN

A DREAM,

AT THE KING'S BENCH PRISON THE EVENING OF HIS INAUGURATION.

TO THE

VULGAR READER.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo———

WHICH means no more in civil Engliſh than that I intreat you, gentlemen, not to give yourſelves the trouble to read theſe imitations; if they had been intended for your entertainment, they would have been executed in a different manner.

A poor friend of mine is at this inſtant languiſhing in a priſon for what you muſt think a very uncommon caſe; many an honeſt and ingenious man has had the misfortune to be thrown into gaol for debt; no one, before my friend, for having paid his debts—in ſhort, for giving up all he was worth to an honeſt tradeſman upon a *ſimple* contract, without leaving himſelf one ſhilling to oppoſe to the fictitious claims of a confederacy of attornies.

Theſe varlets, gentlemen, have collected all the iniquity of the law into a focus to conſume him, for no other reaſon but becauſe he was a mortal

enemy to their wicked practices. As I have no fixed poſſeſſions in this ſublunary world, nor any moveables of value but my poetry, I am exactly in the ſituation of another inſpired writer, and can truly ſay, "ſilver and gold have I none, ſuch as I have will I give unto thee"—theſe imitations therefore were intended for the amuſement of my friend, and of all thoſe who like him are in trouble, and are troubled like him with more wit than money. A certain proof, gentlemen, that you have no claim to any part of shis benefaction, as it is well known that all of you have equal ſhares of both——and that many of you are immenſely rich, have titles and privileges, and are not only bleſſed with the ſun-ſhine of fortune, but are favoured with the moon-ſhine of the court. Enlightened by whoſe magic beams you dance like fairies round an enchanted ring, and terrify weak mortals with your gambols.

Having nothing further to diſcuſs with you at preſent, I beg leave, gentlemen, for the ſake of ſaving charges, to ſend a few lines under your cover to my aforeſaid friends and brethren.

My dear friends, I know you will conſider that imitations of Horace, in this manner, have never been well executed hitherto, and perhaps

never will, unleſs ſome of you take that buſineſs out of the hands of the nobility and opulent gentry of this land, who have enjoyed, time out of mind, an excluſive right to all imitations of the odes of Horace, whether religious or profane, moral or immoral, chaſte and ſober or ebrious and unclean——their claim is derived from a conceſſion of Juvenal——" Satur eſt, " cum dicit Horatius, ohe!" and therefore no one, ſay they, that is not ſaturated with claret and champaigne ſhould preſume to imitate his odes. Horace, it is true, has been always the favourite poet of the court, but nothing can be concluded from thence, for he has alſo been the favourite poet of the church, inſomuch that many of our learned clergy have dedicated their whole lives to explain his text, and preſerve it uncorrupted. Horace's lyre is to our clergy, what Buchanan's bagpipes are to their brethren of Scotland, neither acknowledging any ſuperior but David's harp. This attachment in both countries has its foundation in early education, and I believe is interwoven with the principles of our religion. I remember when I was at a public ſchool, under the direction of a worthy divine, our firſt leſſon for the morning ſervice was a chapter of the Greek Teſtament, and the

ſecond was in Totus Teres, a favourite deſignation of my maſter, who was a facetious man, for his favourite Flaccus—(*Totus teres atque rotundus:*) by his means I was introduced to Horace as early as to the evangeliſts, and contracted an intimacy with him, long before I had the happineſs to have the leaſt acquaintance with St. Paul.

I would not inſinuate that the Horatian lyre may not be touched with as much grace and ſkill at a nobleman's or a rich commoner's modern ſeat in the country, as at the antient ſeats of the muſes—the priſons and garrets of the metropolis——the ſame taſte and judgment, the ſame eaſe and ſpirit, with the ſame creative ſtamina, may be found in both—but the muſes will not be treated like kept miſtreſſes for their looſe pleaſures, or to toy and trifle with after buſineſs or a debauch; thoſe haughty damſels muſt poſſeſs the whole ſoul without a rival; the leaſt appearance of avarice or ambition, or of any paſſion foreign to them, will draw down their contempt and indignation.

Wherefore, finding in myſelf every diſpoſition imaginable for their ſervice, a moſt potent and

ſtrenuous inertneſs, with a ſovereign inaptitude to any purſuit that can be deemed profitable, uſeful or neceſſary, I can ſcarce doubt but my endeavours to be agreeable to the Nine, will be more acceptable than the impertinent airs of men of quality and fortune, who think they do them an honour when they vouchſafe to take notice of them.

3 AU59.

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

IMITATIONS
OF
HORACE's ODES.

BOOK III. ODE III.

To J—— W—— Eſq;

THE man religious to his word,
And a firm Chriſtian, firm as you,
Whoſe principles are like his ſword,
True to dame Honour, whilſt ſhe's true:

Like you may laugh at tyrant peers;
Nor can the baſe apoſtate's vote,
Nor ruin thundering in his ears,
Cram Tory nonſenſe down his throat.

Hambden and Pym by arts like theſe,
To glorious patriots once gave law,
And now give nectar on their knees,
To both the Georges and Naſſau.

ODÆ SELECTÆ.

LIB. III. ODE III.

JUSTUM, et tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolidâ: neque Auſter.

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ;
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Hâc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Norwith leſs art fanatic Vane,
Ruled the wild Whigs by frantic prayer,
Like tygers patient of the rein,
When Bacchus ſteps into the chair.

Cromwell, Bellona's charioteer
Aſcending to the realms of day,
With fiends and furies in his rear,
Through ſtorms and thunder forc'd his way.

Thus to her Sydney Freedom ſpoke—
" Truſt thee I will, tho' oft betray'd;
" Tho' Wentworth for lewd folly's yoke,
" Left me and the Athenian maid.

" Remove you foreign dame with ſpeed,
" That wicked judge, thoſe courtiers vile,
" Men that can neither write nor read,
" And give me back my raviſh'd iſle.

" 'Tis well—I ſee the miſcreants fly;
" No Fav'rite now, with haughty mien,
" Shall dare to rival kings, and try,
" Like Villiers, to ſeduce a queen.

" And with prophetic eyes I view
" A monk, the laſt of Stuart's race,
" In exile, and his ſlaviſh crew
" Of perjur'd Tories in diſgrace.

Hâc te merentem Bacche pater tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes : hâc Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

Gratum eloquuta conſiliantibus
Junone divis : Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis inceſtuſque judex
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem, ex quo deſtituit deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon : mihi
Caſtæque damnatum Minervæ
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

Jam nec Lacænæ ſplendet adulteræ
Famoſus hoſpes, nec Priami Domus ;
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit :

Noſtriſque ductum ſeditionibus
Bellum reſedit : protinus et graves
Iras, et inviſum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit ſacerdos,

" Treaſon and he to Rome are fled,
" There let him reign without reſtraint,
" And, when the ſpurious monarch's dead,
" Let him be made a Roman ſaint.

" Whilſt ſeas divide us, let them ſhine,
" Let ſaints and martyrs for them battle,
" Whilſt Stuart's tomb, like Becket's ſhrine,
" Is only trod by Romiſh cattle.

" On Magna Charta's ſolid baſe
" Britannia's majeſty ſhall ſtand,
" Confin'd alone by boundleſs ſpace,
" Her ſons ſhall conquer ſea and land.

" Nor ſhowers of lead nor pointed ſteel
" Their native ardour ſhall withhold:
" Thrice happy, could they always feel
" The ſame innate contempt for gold.

" O Britons! whilſt your banners wave
" In every clime, on every ſhore
" Deep as the centre, make a grave,
" And bury that pernicious ore;

" Leſt tyranny again ſhould riſe,
" Enrich'd and ſtrengthen'd by your gains,
" Dazzle your delegates weak eyes,
" And bind them faſt in golden chains:

Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire ſedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, et adſcribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar deorum.

Dum longus inter ſæviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exules
In parte regnanto beati:
Dum Priami Paridiſque buſto

Inſultet armentum, et catulos feræ
Celent inultæ: ſtet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatiſque poſſit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.

Horrenda late nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras: qua medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Qua timidus rigat arva Nilus:

Aurum irreptum, et ſic melius ſitum
Quum terra celat, ſpernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in uſus,
Omne ſacrum rapiente dextra.

Quicunque mundi terminis obſtitit,
Hunc tangat armis, viſere geſtiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulæ, pluviique rores.

" Chains which, however, ſoon or late,
" I'll break, as I have done before;
" Your chains are not like thoſe of fate,
" That tie the Frenchman to his oar.

" For ſhould the Goths again prevail,
" Should impious men again bear ſway,
" Their blaze ſhall, like a comet's tail,
" Awe none but fools, and paſs away.

" Ev'n if rebellion, a third time,
" Shall riſe again and leave her bed,
" Freedom again ſhall load and prime,
" And the Third Brunſwick ſhoot her dead."

But hold—this is too high a flight:
I fear we both ſhall come to ſhame:
Return, my muſe, while we have light,
I am half blind, and you are lame.

Sed bellicoſis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii,
Rebuſque fidentes, avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.

Trojæ renaſcens alite lugubri
Fortuna triſti clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis & ſorore.

Ter ſi reſurgat murus aheneus
Autore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Exciſus Argivis: ter uxor
Capta virum pueroſque ploret.

Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt lyræ
Quo Muſa tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones deorum, et
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

ODE IXth of the 4th Book.

To LOLLIUS.

THO' born in an ungenial clime,
Where T. with brawls his tribute pays,
'Tis poſſible, my lord, for Time
To fancy theſe uncommon lays.

If Shakeſpear every muſe inſpire,
Sole ſovereign of the tuneful throng,
Praiſe ſtill is due to Cowley's lyre,
And Gray's ſweet melancholy ſong.

Prior ſhall live with laughing eye
Amongſt the vivid ſons of fame;
Maids ever weep, and widows ſigh,
And burn with Eloiſa's flame.

Not Sparta's queen alone has tripp'd,
Charmed with fine breeding and fine cloaths,
Other fair princeſſes have ſlipp'd *,
And troubled the whole world's repoſe.

* Brantome furniſhes us with many examples of royal frailty.

ODE IX. Lib. 4.

Ad LOLLIUM.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe ſonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor ſocianda chordis.

Non, ſi priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Ceæque, & Alcæi minaces,
Steſichorique gravis Camenæ:

Nec, ſi quid olim luſit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas: ſpirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commiſſi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Non ſola comptos arſit adulteri
Crines, & aurum veſtibus illitum
Mirata regaleſque cultus,
Et comites, Helene Lacæna:

Teucer is not the only prince
  Famous for ſhooting the long bow *.
Troy has been loſt before, and ſince,
  By cunning, with a patriot ſhow.

Heroes have bled as well as Hector,
  Both for their minions and chaſte wives;
Elſe how had Cromwell been protector,
  Or Charles and Edward loſt their lives?

Pitts with the ſame aſpiring mind
  In dark oblivion are gone down;
But they had not the luck to find
  Churchills to hand them to renown.

Worth, undiſtinguiſh'd by applauſe,
  But equals ſloth; nor ſhall the chief
In livid ſilence guard our laws,
  Forgotten like a mouldy brief.

Supremely wiſe when wiſdom's wanted,
  Prudent where caution is a merit,
Upright, inflexible, undaunted,
  Pure and enlighten'd like a ſpirit.

* Cydonio arcu—the Cretan or long bow. See St. Paul's Epiſt. to Titus, chap. i. v. 12. Χρηται αει ψευσαι. The Stuart race of princes were as famous as Teucer for the Cretan bow.

Primuſve Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non ſemel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus, Sthenelusve ſolus.

Dicenda Muſis prœlia: non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; ſed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus, non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum ſileri,
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
Obliviones. Eſt animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et ſecundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus;

Sworn enemy to falſhood baſe,
  Againſt corruption firm and ſteady,
Not for one ſingle heat or race,
  But always booted, always ready.

You roſe at Freedom's ſacred call,
  Snatched her from th' invading great,
Added new trophies to her hall,
  And fixed the goddeſs in her ſeat.

'Tis the wiſe uſe, not the poſſeſſing,
  The ſmiles of fortune or of kings,
That can make wealth a real bleſſing,
  Or take from poverty her ſtings.

That dignifies the virtuous man,
  Scorning, tho' poor to flinch or faulter,
Who for his prince or his dear clan
  Deſpiſes the impending halter.

ODE XXIXth of the 3d Book.

To MÆCENAS.

OFFSPRING of Britiſh kings of yore,
  To put your ſpirits in fine tune,
I have ſome Burgundy in ſtore,
  With roſes for the tenth of June.

Vindex avaræ fraudis et abſtinens
Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ :
Conſulque non unius anni ;
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honeſtum prætulit utili, et
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu : et per obſtantes catervas
Explicuit ſua victor arma.

Non poſſidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum : rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus ſapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati,
Pejuſque letho flagitium timet :
Non ille pro caris amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

ODE XXIX. Lib. III.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

TYRRHENA regum progenies, tibi
Non ante verſo lene merum cado,
Cum flore, Mœcenas, roſarum, et
Preſſa tuis balanus capillis.

Quit thoſe damp glades, nor muſing mope,
Enchanted with your arms acroſs,
Fix'd like a ſtatue on a ſlope,
Or the pagoda like a Joſs.

Let not the noiſe of yon black city,
One moment diſcompoſe your peace,
Look down on pomp awhile with pity,
And let faſtidious plenty ceaſe.

A grateful change to homely fare,
A cot, a barn-door fowl, and mutton,
Oft ſmooth the anxious face of care,
And ſqueamiſhneſs herſelf turns glutton.

Now Phœbus rages, now the ſwain
With languor drives his fainting ſheep,
From the parched meads and ſultry plain,
To ſilver ſtreams and thickets deep.

Upon the Thames there's not a breeze,
No Zephyr with expiring breath,
To animate thoſe horrid trees,
Silent and motionleſs as death.

Jamdudum apud me eſt. Eripe te moræ;
Ne ſemper udum Tibur et Æſulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

Faſtidioſam deſere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis.
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes ſtrepitumque Romæ.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ, ſine aulæis et oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

Jam clarus occultum Andromedes pater
Oſtendit ignem; Jam Procyon furit,
Et ſtella veſani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ſiccos.

Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido
Rivumque feſſus quærit, et horridi
Dumeta Sylvani: caretque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

There you form all your decent plans,
To righteouſneſs give a new birth;
And with your tories and your clans
Govern the princes of the earth.

Heaven kindly keeps us in the dark,
And ſpite of all our fine-ſpun ſchemes,
Laughs when we overſhoot the mark,
Both at our fears and ſanguine dreams.

The preſent's all we have to heed,
Futurity is like a current,
Now ſmooth and pleaſant as the Tweed,
Now dreadful like a highland torrent.

Tumbling with fury down the vale,
The rocks reſound, the mountains rattle;
Pines float along with groves of cale,
Huts, plaids, blue bonnets, and black cattle.

Happy is he who lives to day,
Lives for himſelf, 'tis ſo much gain,
Whether the next be ſad or gay,
Or the ſun never riſe again.

Tu civitatem quis deceat ſtatus
Curas, et Urbi ſollicitus times,
Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaiſque diſcor

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caligionoſa nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adeſt, memento

Componere æquus: cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos,

Stirpeſque raptas, et pecus, et domos
Volventis unà, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſilvæ;
Cùm fera diluvies quietos

Irritat amnes; ille potens ſui
Lætuſque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe, Vixi: cras vel atrâ
Nube polum Pater occupato,

'Tis done—nor can the power of fate
Cancel and ſet the deed aſide,
Nor Fortune's inſolence and hate
That loves to mortify our pride.

Let her purſue her cruel ſport,
Paſt pleaſures cannot be deſtroyed;
She cannot, as ſhe does at court,
Vacate what we have once enjoy'd.

Faithful whilſt ſhe continues mine;
But if ſhe violates my bed,
The painted harlot I reſign,
And virtue tho' unportion'd wed.

When the ſtorm beats, and ſeas run high,
I ſhall not importune with prayers,
The angry princes of the ſky,
To ſpare my curious Cyprian wares.

Nor duped by hope, like many a one,
Stay blubbering beneath the deck,
But when both maſt and rudder's gone,
Take to my boat and leave the wreck.

Vel ſole puro: non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro eſt, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.

Fortuna ſævo læta negotio, et
Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem: ſi celeres quatit
Pennas reſigno quæ dedit, & meâ
Virtute me involvo, probamque
Pauperiem ſine dote quæro.

Non eſt meum ſi mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miſeras preces
Decurrere, et votis paciſci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces

Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præſidio ſcaphæ
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminuſque Pollux.

ODE XVth. Book 4th.

A TORY ODE.

I Tried to ſing, and touch'd my ſtrings,
Of cities ſtorm'd and conquer'd kings;
But Phœbus cried, What notes are theſe?
Forbear; nor let thy flimſey ſail,
Swell'd by a light deluſive gale,
Expoſe thee to the claſſic ſeas.

This age has brought us golden days,
Our guardian ſaint is cloy'd with praiſe,
With trophies and triumphant banners;
He lets St. Andrew clear the coaſt,
And drive the whigs from every poſt,
To ſweeten and correct their manners.

Cæſar has ſhut the gates of Janus,
And our Mæcenas to contain us,
Apt to be mutinous and idle,
Vamps the old arts, and makes them fit,
And changes Pelham's fooliſh bit
For Mansfield's ſcientific bridle.

By theſe old arts, Britannia's fame,
Diffuſive as the Roman Name,
In every clime has fix'd her ſtandard,
As far as from the fartheſt Weſt
To where the Phœnix builds her neſt,
As far as ever Scotchman wander'd.

ODE XV. Lib. IV.

PHOEBUS volentem prœlia me loqui
Victas et urbes, increpuit, lyrâ;
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas

Fruges et agris retulit uberes;
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi.
Direpta Parthorum superbis
Postibus; et vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clausit; et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit emovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes;

Per quas Latinum nomen et Italæ
Crevère vires, famaque, & imperî
Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis ab Hesperio cubili.

Whilſt Tory's rule, no civil fury,
No perſecuting judge nor jury,
Shall interrupt our ſweet repoſe,
No angry parties draw their ſwords,
No leaders with big looks and words,
Shall lead their princes by the noſe.

Our laws like thunderbolts are hurl'd,
And echo'd round the conquer'd world,
Their voice the ſtouteſt heart appal ls,
Sachems in awful horror bound,
Hear not with wonder more profound
Niagara's tremendous falls.

Whilſt we, our wives and children, all
Aſſembled in the good old hall,
And every neighbour young and old,
With chriſtmas merriment and cheer,
Plenty of cyder, punch, and beer,
Fiddles and pipes like barons bold,

Shall toaſt with bumpers and huzzas
The chiefs that fell in the old cauſe,
And celebrate the heavenly breed,
Sprung from a Latian ſwain's embrace*,
When Venus took the form and face
Of the fair daughter of the Tweed.

* The Anchiſes of the Tories was an Italian Fidler.

Cuſtode rerum Cæſare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis exiget otium;
Non ira, quæ procudit enſes,
Et miſeras inimicat urbes.

Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia; non Getæ,
Non Seres, infidive Perſæ,
Non Tanaim prope flumen orti.

Noſque et profeſtis lucibus et ſacris,
Inter jocoſi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matroniſque noſtris,
Rite Deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos, more patrum duces,
Lydis remiſto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque, et Anchiſen, & almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

ODE VIIIth of the 4th Book.

To DANIEL WEBB, Eſq.

I Would with all my heart and ſoul,
Send every friend a golden bowl,
And with each bowl a purſe of gold,
To fill the bowl and make it ſmile,
And to ſecure the bowl awhile,
From being either pawn'd or ſold.

To every military friend,
Heroick tripods I would ſend,
Tripods fit only for brave fellows;
That is to ſay, crutches a pair,
And one ſtout leg of the ſame ware,
Made like the noſſel of a bellows.

Pictures I'd ſend of every ſchool,
I am ſo generous a fool,
With ſtatues too and buſts for niches,
Theſe I would ſend to none but you,
The prince and mirror of vertú,
If I was maſter of ſuch riches

ODE VIII. Lib. IV.

DONAREM pateras, grataque commodus,
Cenſorine, meis æra ſodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu peſſima munerum
Ferres: divite me ſcilicet artium
Quas aut Parrhaſius protulit, aut Scopas;
Hic ſaxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum

As to vertù, that point's decided,
You are ſufficiently provided;
All that you want of me is metre,
You may have plenty at my forge,
I need not ſteal, like thrifty George,
From Paul, in order to pay Peter.

I know the prince of lyric ſong
Eaſy, yet elegantly ſtrong,
And know that Beckford's head of marble,
I mean that head the ſculptor made,
That marble head will ſooner fade,
Than any ſongs the muſes warble.

Your Fame muſt fly with wings of paper,
Be you a Wolfe, a Howe, a Draper,
Victor at Minden or at Canna,
Or legiſlator great as he,
That led the Jews through the Red Sea,
And pamper'd them with quails and manna.

Great bards great favours can beſtow,
In heaven above or hell below,
They can convey you with a nod,
From Styx, whenever they think fit,
And call you up to heaven by writ,
And make you an immortal god.

Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium
Res eſt aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carmina poſſumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneris.
Non inciſa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ ſpiritus et vita redit bonis
Poſt mortem ducibus: non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorſum Annibalis minæ;
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides: neque
Si chartæ ſileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris, quid foret Iliæ
Mavortiſque puer, ſi taciturnitas
Obſtaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus conſecrat inſulis.
Dignum laude virum Muſa vetat mori.

Lollius with Æacus may dwell,
Minos and he may judge in hell,
When future poets ſing his worth,
Bute may like Enoch be tranſlated,
Then made a ſtar, and made related
To ſlow Bootes of the North *.

And S———ch, if the muſes pleaſe,
Shall outwit Mercury with eaſe,
And my lord duke outſhine Apollo,
And each Olympic peer outvie
Caſtor the jockey of the ſky,
And R—by bold beat Bacchus hollow.

* I know there is claſſical authority for this epithet: *Sive eſt arctophylax ſive eſt piger ille Bootes*. Ov. Faſt. iii. 405. Yet I cannot help fancying the author wrote Sly inſtead of Slow Bootes; he is repreſented in his northern ſituation watching his charge with unremitting vigilance; and I am apt to believe that our Sly Boots is a contraction of Bootes. I have ſeen the ſame thought in a manuſcript collection of verſes compoſed by the profeſſors of a famous univerſity upon the revolution in 1760. It was beautifully purſued in the verſes of the aſtronomy profeſſor, which ſtruck me ſo that I ſtill retain them,

Attendant upon Charles's wane,
Bootes, commonly called Bute,
The brighteſt ſtar in all his train,
Without all manner of diſpute.
May thou forever fixt remain,
Cunning and watchful as the dragon;
Leſt Urſa Minor break his chain,
And overturn the northern waggon.

Cœlo Muſa beat. ſic Jovis intereſt
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridæ ſidus ab infimis
Quaſſas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

ODE Xth of the 1ſt Book.

To MERCURY.

GRANDSON of Atlas the moſt chaſte*
Reformer of the lewd and wicked,
Moulding green ſenators like paſte,
By catches and decorous cricket.

Thee meſſenger of Jove I'll ſing,
Profeſſor of the crooked lyre,
Jocoſely ſtealing to the ſpring,
Thro' every crooked dark deſire.

Robb'd and betray'd, ungodly John,
Threatning to ſhoot thee thro' the liver,
Laugh'd when he found his arrows gone,
And ſaw thee ſporting with his quiver.

Leaving the Whigs at thy perſuaſion,
Whilſt Pelham's beacons blazed in vain,
Dives forgot his flaggellation,
And turn'd a Cocobite again.

* Whoever heard beſides this author, that Atlas the father of Maia, was remarkable for chaſtity? *Crit. Review.*

ODE X. Lib. I.

Ad MERCURIUM.

MERCURI facunde, nepos Atlantis,
Qui feros cultus hominum recentûm
Voce formâſti catus, et decoræ
More palæſtræ :

Te canam, magni Jovis et deorum
Nuncium, curvæque lyræ parentem :
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocoſo
Condere furto.

Te, boves olim niſi reddidiſſes
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Riſit Apollo.

Quin et Atridas, duce te, ſuperbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto,
Theſſaloſque ignes, et iniqua Trojæ
Caſtra fefellit.

To pious ſouls, delightful benches,
Bleſt Lord! thy golden rod aſſigns,
And works great marvels on light wenches,
Grateful to princes and divines*!

* *Superis deorum gratus et imis,*

Grateful to princes and divines.

As the author has not ſufficiently declared which of theſe perſonages are the ſuperi deorum, we preſume, that he leaves them at liberty to toſs up for it.

Monthly Review.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis
Sedibus; virgâque levem coerces
Aureâ turbam, ſuperis Deorum
Gratus, et imis.

ODE VIIIth of the 2d Book.

To NELLY OBRIEN.

Dr. Bentley has many ingenious conjectures about the name of the perſon to whom this ode is inſcribed; he inſiſts upon it that Barine is neither a Greek nor Roman name. The Society of Iriſh antiquarians have confirmed the doctor's opinion, and proved clearly that Barine is a Celtic name, by a poetical metatheſis or tranſpoſition of the letters from Obrien.

I WOULD believe you once again,
Were you a tooth or nail the worſe
For every oath you take in vain,
And every violated curſe:

Tho' you bid Jaſus fire your bones,
Confound yourſelf and all your kin,
Blaſt thoſe bright eyes like precious ſtones,
Damn Helen's limbs and Leda's ſkin.

Falſe and forſworn a thouſand times,
Obrien's ſtill the public toaſt,
Still grows more lovely from her crimes,
Godby's intrigue and Welche's boaſt.

ODE VIII. Lib. 2.

Ad JULIAM BARINEN.

ULLA si juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam;
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior ungui,

Crederem: sed tu, simul obligâsti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis
Publica cura.

Expedit matris cineres opertos
Fallere, & toto taciturna noctis
Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque divos
Morte carentes.

Thy perjury and ſubtle arts,
  Venus and Cupid ſmiling view;
Fell Love that whets with blood his darts,
On whetſtone of infernal blue *.

For thee our youth ſhoot up and grow;
  Each day adds captives to thy ſtore;
Nor can the old exhauſted beau
  Forbear to hanker at thy door.

Mothers and miſers fear thee ſtill;
  Young beauteous brides are in alarms,
Leſt thy maturer charms and ſkill
  Should draw their huſbands to thy arms.

* Lapis infernalis, or the blue ſtone.

Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipſa; rident
Simplices Nymphæ, ferus et Cupido,
Semper ardentes acuens ſagittas
Cote cruentâ.

Adde, quod pubes tibi creſcit omnis;
Servitus creſcit nova: nec priores
Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt,
Sæpe minati.

Te ſuis matres metuunt juvencis,
Te ſenes parci: miſeræque nuper
Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet.
Aura maritos.

The APOTHEOSIS or the INSTELLATION.

ODE XXVth. Book 3d.

To BACCHUS.

WHITHER, O Bacchus, am I hurry'd,
O'er mountains high, thro' woods and valleys;
How are my ſpirits toſs'd and flurry'd,
With ſudden and unwonted ſallies!

Where can I find a cave to muſe
Upon his lordſhip's envied glory;
Which of the Nine dare to refuſe
To tell the ſtrange and recent ſtory?

Mounting I ſaw the egregious lord,
O'er all impediments and bars;
I ſaw him at Jove's council board,
And ſaw him ſtuck among the ſtars.

ODE XXV. Lib. III.

Ad BACCHUM.

QUO me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in ſpecus,
Velox mente novâ? quibus
Antris, egregii Cæſaris audiar

Æternum meditans decus,
Stellis inſerere, et conſilio Jovis?
Dicam inſigne, recens, adhuc
Indictum ore alio, non ſecus in jugis

Not more amaz'd with ivy crown'd,
  Thy prieſteſs, having bous'd all night,
In chains of ice ſees Hebrus bound,
  And all the Thracian mountains white.

I ſaw him top the Pyrenees,
  And loſt him in the blaze of day;
At night I ſpy'd him at his eaſe,
  With Anſer in the milky way.

Thou, to whom Naiads bend their knees,
  That nightly ſport in Charlotte's bowers,
Whoſe hands can pluck up foreſt trees,
  As eaſily as gather flowers;

Deign to inſpire my feeble ſong,
  Deign to accompany my flight;
Inform me, Bacchus, when I'm wrong,
  Invigorate me when I'm right.

I hate tame themes, abhor tame meaſure,
  And ſcorn the vulgar's taſteleſs praiſes:
'Tis hazardous; but O what pleaſure
  To reel with thee through pathleſs mazes!

Exſomnis ſtupet Evias,
  Hebrum proſpiciens, et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
  Luſtratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio,

Rupes et vacuum nemus
  Mirari libet! O Naiadum potens,
Baccharumque valentium
  Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos:

Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
  Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum eſt,
O Lenæe, ſequi deum
  Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

ODE XXVIth of the 3d Book.

To VENUS.

ONCE, tho' not lately, I confeſs,
I lov'd, and lov'd with ſome ſucceſs;
But now, ay now, 'tis quite provoking,
Now I will hang up my fine cloaths,
Hang up my harp and take to proſe,
And try to turn my pipe to ſmoaking.

Samples of hair, in fine condition,
Surrender'd by fair compoſition,
Taken by ſtorm, or won by guile;
Writings, for writing ſake, not reading,
Aſſignments, grants, and ſpecial pleading,
Shall blaze in one funereal pile.

Mountains are hoary oft with ſnow,
When all the vales are green below,
Still, Venus, let me cleave to thee;
Let Chloe but a while be kind,
Then, If my Chloe change her mind,
Chloe will only copy me.

ODE XXVI. Lib. III.

Ad VENEREM.

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloriâ :
Nunc arma defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,

Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
Cuſtodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
Funalia, et vectes, et arcus
Oppoſitis foribus minaces.

O quæ beatam diva tenes Cyprum, et
Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive,
Regina, ſublimi flagello
Tange Chloën ſemel arrogantem.

ODE III. of the 3d Book.

To T—— S—— Eſq.

REMEMBER, friend, to ſhun exceſs,
Ill ſuited to a life ſo frail and ſhort;
Let no perplexing care oppreſs,
No giddy joy to inſolence tranſport.

Whether, to gloomy thoughts reſign'd,
By drops, like ſullen thaws, hours melt away,
Or the gay ſun-ſhine of the mind
Fills all the ſoul with intellectual day.

Whether, in ſocial bowers, you ply
The feſtive bowl, or, by ſome dimpling ſtream,
Indulge the ſentimental ſigh,
At life's abſurd, inexplicable dream:

Let wine and elegance unite,
Their choiceſt bleſſings largely to diſpenſe;
Quicken deſire, improve delight,
And give the ſweeteſt feelings to the ſenſe.

ODE III. Lib. III.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem: non ſecus ac bonis
Ab inſolenti temperatam
Lætitia: moriture Deli,

Seu mœſtus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Feſtos reclinatum beâris
Interiore nota Falerni:

Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hoſpitalem conſociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube roſæ:
Dum res, et ætas, et ſororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Whilſt fate the preſent bliſs beſtows,
Catch the important moment, e'er 'tis paſs'd,
Fleeting and pleaſant as the ſhort liv'd roſe,
Exhaling fragrance to the laſt.

Thoſe groves you view with looks ſo tender,
Thoſe flow'ring ſhrubs, rear'd with a parent's care,
You muſt relinquiſh and ſurrender
To the capricious fancy of your heir.

Nor boots it, whether poor or rich,
Whether you are nobly born or meanly bred;
Whether you drop your being in a ditch,
Or leave it lingering in a bed.

For, ſoon or late, the fatal urn
Shall iſſue forth our laſt relentleſs doom;
To exile ſent, without return,
To endleſs reſt, and an eternal tomb.

Cedes coëmptis ſaltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et exſtructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.

Diveſne, priſco natus ab Inacho,
Nil intereſt, an pauper, et infimâ
De gente ſub dio moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Verſatur urnâ: ſerius, ocyus
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exſilium impoſitura cymbæ.

Grazie a gl'inganni tuoi,
Al fin reſpiro, O Nice ;
Alfin d'uno infedele
Ebber gli dei pietà, METASTASIO.

To MISS ——

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,
The gods, ſo long in vain implor'd,
At laſt have heard a wretch's prayer ;
At laſt I find myſelf reſtor'd,

From thy bewitching ſnares and thee:
I feel for once this is no dream ;
I feel my captive ſoul is free ;
And I am truly what I ſeem.

I cannot now, as heretofore,
Put on indifference or diſdain,
To ſmother flames, that burn no more,
To hide a paſſion void of pain.

Without a bluſh, your name I hear,
No tranſient glow my boſom heats ;
And, when I meet your eye, my dear,
My fluttering heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find
Your form ſtill preſent to my view;
I wake, but now my vacant mind
No longer waking dreams of you:

Abſent, for you, no more I pine,
But wander careleſs day or night;
Preſent, no word, no look, no ſign,
Argues diſturbance or delight.

I hear your praiſe, no tender flame
Now thrills reſponſive through my veins;
No indignation, only ſhame,
For all my former wrongs, remains.

I meet you now without alarms,
Nor longer fearful to diſpleaſe,
I talk with eaſe about your charms,
E'en with my rival talk with eaſe.

Whether in angry mood you riſe,
Or ſweetly ſit with placid guile,
Vain is the lightning of your eyes,
And vainer ſtill your gilded ſmile.

Loves, in your ſmiles, no longer play;
Your lips, your tongue, have loſt their art;
Thoſe eyes have now forgot the way,
That led directly to my heart.

Whether with grief the mind's diſeaſed,
Or the unburthen'd ſpirits, glad;
No thanks to you, when I am pleaſed,
You have no blame, when I am ſad.

Hills, woods, and lawns and bleating flocks,
Without you, captivate me ſtill,
But dreary moors and naked rocks,
Tho' with you, make my blood run chill.

Hear me; and judge if I'm ſincere;
That you are beauteous ſtill I ſwear;
But Oh! no longer you appear
The faireſt, and the only fair.

Hear me; but let not truth offend,
In that fine form, in many places,
I now ſpy faults, my lovely friend,
Which I miſtook before for graces.

And yet, tho' free, I thought at firſt,
With ſhame my weakneſs I confeſs,
My agonizing heart would burſt,
The agonies of death are leſs.

Who would not, when his ſoul's oppreſs'd,
Gladly poſſeſs himſelf again?
To pluck a ſerpent from his breaſt,
Who would not bear the ſharpeſt pain?

The little ſongſter thus you ſee
  Caught in the cruel ſchool boy's toils,
Struggling for life, at laſt, like me,
  Eſcapes, and leaves his feather'd ſpoils.

His plumage ſoon reſumes its gloſs,
  His little heart ſoon waxes gay;
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loſs,
  To artifice again a prey.

Perhaps you think I only feign,
  I do but ſtrive againſt the ſtream,
Elſe why for ever in this ſtrain,
  Why talk upon no other theme.

It is not love, it is not pique,
  That gives my whole diſcourſe this caſt;
'Tis nature that delights to ſpeak
  Eternally of dangers paſt.

Carouſing o'er the midnight bowl
  The ſoldier never ceaſing prates,
Shews every ſcar to every ſoul,
  And every hair-breadth 'ſcape relates.

Thus the poor galley ſlave, releaſed
  From pains as great and bonds as ſtrong,
On his paſt ſufferings ſeems to feaſt,
  And hug the chain he dragg'd ſo long.

To talk is all that I deſire;
When once I let my larum go,
I never ſtop, nor once enquire,
Whether you're entertained or no.

Which of us has moſt cauſe to grieve?
Which ſituation would you chooſe?
I, a capricious tyrant leave,
And you, a faithful lover loſe.

I can find maids in every rout,
With ſmiles as falſe, and forms as fine;
But you muſt ſearch the world throughout,
To find a heart as true as mine.

O D E

FULL long to laughter-loving fancy wed,
A foe to nought but treachery and art,
Tho' mirthful folly ever claim'd my head,
My friends and country always had my heart.

Erato, void of true celeſtial fire,
For thee, weak maid, my feelings are too ſtrong;
Clio, for once, will animate my lyre,
And let my country have one virtuous ſong.

Whilſt wretched Albion for ages mourns
Her conquering ſons like laurel'd victims ſlain;
O could I write, upon their ſacred urns,
A verſe as laſting as Britannia's pain!

Bluſh, bluſh, to read how injur'd Braddock fought;
Braddock in whom were ever found ally'd
The ſoldier's ardour, with the chieftain's thought,
The ſtoic's fortitude, without his pride.

Unmindful of the hero's dying prayer,
Heaven ſtruck a dreadful and avenging blow;
A blow that wrung from England in deſpair,
Thoſe bitter tears that flow'd for Wolfe and Howe.

Congenial ſpirits, each a ſelf-formed chief,
Each great as any chief in antient lore,
Born to extend her glory and her grief,
Beyond what Britain ever knew before.

Valiant in arms, courteous and gay in peace,
See William's ſnatched to an untimely tomb!
With every art and elegance of grace,
And all the energy of patriot Rome.

And Armytage, alas! in blooming youth,
Left undiſtinguiſh'd in a hoſtile grave,
Whom neither plighted love, nor candid truth,
Nor ſpirited integrity could ſave.

Lo! tow'ring Downe, impatient of repoſe,
Borne on immortal fame's impetuous wing,
Falls in the midſt of Britain's fierceſt foes,
And blaſts the wreath deſign'd him by his king.

Learn Britons, from your king, on worth to ſmile,
Or heaven may ſtill have greater ills in ſtore;
Brunſwick's fair race may ceaſe to bleſs your iſle,
And liberty forſake her native ſhore.

THE
ALDERMAN's SPEECH
IN
A DREAM,

Againſt aboliſhing the DISTINCTION of PARTIES.

SIR,

THOUGH, I am apt to judge charitably of mens profeſſions, I cannot give unlimited credit to the moſt irreproachable without ſome other ſecurity, much leſs to thoſe who for near a century have had nothing to ſubſiſt upon but the credulity of the people, and who never ſcrupled to ſacrifice their votaries for promoting any iniquitous purpoſe of their own.

Gentlemen declare, Sir, their abhorrence of all party diſtinctions; they ſeem to flatter themſelves that the names of whig and tory will be extinguiſhed, or melted down into ſome inoffenſive neutral, ſhould we come to a reſolution to forbear the mention of either in this aſſembly.—I do believe, Sir,

the gentlemen are ſincere; but whether their motives are ſo pure, or the conſequences as certain as their wiſhes, may be doubted, and ought to be examined.

We can be pretty ſure, Sir, from recent experience, how far the influence of our forbearance, how far the example of our expreſſive ſilence in ſuch a caſe, will operate upon the minds of the many, by obſerving its effect upon two other words of equally hoſtile diſcrimination. Words, Sir, which without any formal impeachment, are fallen into diſuſe, and were for ſome time paſt of ſo little ſignification amongſt us, that one of them was never mentioned without a ſneer, nor the other without a ſmile of indulgence. Theſe, Sir, are the two antient antagoniſts, corruption and independence. By our prudential meaſures we have indeed effectually prevented all indecent diſputes between them in this houſe; diſputes, Sir, that uſed formerly to retard not only our annual expreſſions of duty and affection, but the real effects of thoſe expreſſions; expreſſions, without effect, of no more value than an anniverſary ballad, or any other periodical flower of congratulatory eloquence. Without doubt, Sir, if this pattern of moderation was agreeable to the fancies of the multitude, they might ſit down as contentedly, every man under his own woollen cap, as we do

under our own vines and fig-trees; but the misfortune is that our diſpaſſionate comportment neither conciliates reſpect nor imitation: thus, Sir, we have ſecured our private quiet by practiſing what is frequently done in other good companies —when two fellows grow troubleſome the reſt agree to turn out the moſt exceptionable of the two, never troubling their heads about his repreſentations without doors—what fellows, Sir? why the jovial crew being now delivered from interruption, drive on the pleaſurable hours till they begin to flag, and then diſperſe amicably either to ſcenes of love and gallantry, or to ſome of the many elegant amuſements that engage the paſſions and employ both the head and the heart.

Theſe bleſſings of peace, Sir, may reaſonably be expected from realizing the propoſition before us; but as I find more exalted views are pretended, and more extenſive advantages promiſed from this meditated proſcription, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew the vanity of ſuch expectations. ——Expectations, Sir, ſo abſurd, that they cannot be treated with too much contempt, nor be put in too ridiculous a light.

I have ſat, Sir, ſome years in this honourable ſociety, and in that time heard many ſtrange doctrines, and many ſtrange and even barbarous terms, from ſome of our greateſt orators; but I never yet heard the names that diſtinguiſh the two ſexes openly and deliberately pronounced within theſe walls. Can any one infer from hence that we admit of no ſuch diſtinction, or at leaſt that we wiſh and deſire that every body ſhould be encouraged to act as if there were none? If it was poſſible for us, Sir, to conceive ſuch a wiſh, we muſt expect to be looked upon as a filthy pack of anti-naturaliſts, and would deſerve to be perpetuated, by the deſignation given to ſome of our predeceſſors, with much leſs propriety———the Rump, Sir.

Gentlemen, Sir, may laugh—I have heard many in this houſe laugh at my honourable friend and brother alderman————who ought to have bluſhed for themſelves.———I am ſerious, Sir; I would not be thought to ſpeak from the fumes of yeſterday, though I own it was a day of feſtivity.—If it was poſſible to ſuppoſe I ſaid, that we ſhould conceive ſuch a filthy wiſh: and why not poſſible to ſuppoſe it, Sir? When I caſt my eyes upon the preſent majority, I ſee a ſet of

gentlemen who have ſuppoſed Sir, in former days, without making any ſcruple of declaring their ſuppoſitions to the whole world, that the greateſt part of this houſe were guilty of a much worſe kind of proſtitution; much worſe I ſay, Sir, becauſe attended with infinitely worſe conſequences: it cannot be more againſt nature, Sir, to counteract her exertion, and prevent the execution of her plan, than to deſtroy or debaſe the moſt perfect of her works. If one may judge of the fruit by the tree, the public may indirectly reap ſome advantage from the firſt of theſe unnatural vices, by having a ſtop put to the propagation of ſcoundrels: but proſtitution in this place, Sir, leads to patricide, the horrible ſuperlative of parental murder; a crime too ſhocking for the contemplation of the law.

If I can ſhew, Sir, that the propoſal we are upon is only calculated to ſerve the purpoſes of this execrable commerce, I need make no apology for treating the authors and promoters of it with ſo little ceremony.

To proceed properly, I muſt, againſt my inclination, entreat you, Sir, to keep your eye fixed upon the two ſiſter ſins.———Their ſimilitude, through all their naſty proceedings, is not to be parallelled by any other of the deadly catalogue.

To return therefore to my laſt ſuppoſition.—— You ſee, Sir, that it is poſſible for a majority of this houſe, by parity of reaſoning, to turn their backs to the firſt great ordinance of their Creator, and to become thereby too unclean for any expiatory cathartic, but fire from heaven. Even in this caſe of perdition, Sir, there are three ſorts of people who would eſteem themſelves particularly happy in our impious favour and conjunction.

The firſt, Sir, are thoſe whoſe unhappy propenſity to libertiniſm drives them into the commiſſion of every vice however, deteſtable, with as little compunction, Sir, as you or I would feel if we were to ſlip into the moſt eaſy and natural tranſgreſſion.

The next, Sir, are thoſe mean wretches who are only with-held from a participation of the contaminated cup by penal terrors, without the leaſt plea of hereditary taint, or of any vicious texture of the blood inflamed by a vicious education; wretches, Sir, armed, both from complexion and inſtitution, with every tendency, with every habit, and domeſtic example, in direct contradiction to their unnatural inclinations.

The laſt of that ungracious TRIO are thoſe unrelenting ſinners who make no compoſition with law or goſpel——who never deviate into the right way, but act uniformly in all circumſtances and relations with retrogreſſive deciſion.

In like manner, Sir, there are three ſorts of proſtitutes that bear record upon earth, who will exult in this hopeful expedient of ours, to level the two political diſtinctions:—The firſt, Sir, emancipated from vulgar prejudices, like their retrogade brethren, hold communion equally with both genders, and, like them, run round the circles of corruption, and go ſcraping about in order to be picked up by the diſſolute and abandoned.——They were called Molles formerly, and anſwer the deſcription of Horace exactly,—" Gaudent prænomine Molles:"——Accordingly, they are all Jacks, and Dicks, and Toms, and to this day take great delight in prenominal familiarity with each other. The ſecond, Sir, are thoſe miſcreants who for the wages of ſin would ſell themſelves to the fouleſt pollution, if the bargain and ſale could be tranſacted with impunity; but from the alarms of conſcience, and the dread of being caught, they nibble at the bait they dare not ſwallow.—So true is the French proverb, Sir, that " Chacune n'eſt pas bougre " qui veut."

The third, Sir, to whom the reſt are ſubordinate, are the infernal agents, whoſe ſole employment is to ſeduce thoſe that ſtand, to keep down thoſe that fall, and to revile and traduce

the incorruptible. But it will be aſked, who are theſe infernal corrupters? To which I reply, they who have the means of corruption, and the will to corrupt: by the curteſy of England, Sir, the means may, but the will cannot be engroſſed by any party. Of two, Sir, that divide theſe three kingdoms, there is one that can have no more at preſent than the will, becauſe the other is ſolely in poſſeſſion of the means; by forced marches, by leaving an unſerviceable artillery behind them—their pretended patriotiſm, Sir; and, by abandoning a baggage of no value—their integrity, they have at length attained that power by ſurprize, for which they had been fighting in vain for almoſt theſe hundred years. If fortune, Sir, has put into their hands the means, and the only means that can ſecure their perſons and their power for a ſingle day, do we know ſo little of their gallant leaders to doubt about their proweſs and their will? Can we believe, Sir, that they will leave the fat buck, when they have him in their toils, from an apprehenſion of flatulencies and indigeſtion? No, Sir, their appetites have been ſharpened, their ſtomach is braced by a long courſe of ſteel and bitters.

Wherefore, Sir, when ſome gentlemen talk ſo vehemently about aboliſhing the names of Whig

and Tory, I think I have already thrown together ſome hints that will help to explain their meaning.—They have no objection to the names, Sir, they only hate the principles of a Whig; as on the contrary, they love the doctrine, but abominate the name of Tory, becauſe that name implies a doctrine which they dare not openly avow; a doctrine which they muſt follow or be undone; a doctrine, Sir, which they have no chance of propagating but by fraud and corruption, by the moſt profligate impudence and falſehood.

Having cleared my foundation of a great deal of rubbiſh, Sir, I will now tell you why the Tories for above fifty years not only acquieſced under this appellation of ignominy, but ſeemed to glory in it. If during all that period it gave them no kind of offence when they had ſome pretenſions for diſclaiming it, muſt they not have had temporary reaſons for their temporary acquieſcence? They had reaſons, Sir, for they were then acting a downright lie, they were then ſowers of rebellions, ſtirrers up of ſeditions, promoters of foreign wars and domeſtic ruin, and oppoſers of every wiſe and honeſt meaſure of a truly wiſe and virtuous government; whereas

their doctrine was diametrically oppoſite to their actions: unconditional obedience, Sir, to the worſt adminiſtration under the moſt deſpotic tyrant is their doctrine, to whoſe diabolical commands the leaſt reſiſtance is held worthy of death in this world, and of damnation in the next. With practices, Sir, ſo different from their tenets —they confounded the underſtandings of unſuſpecting men, and were moſt popular when they deſerved to have been ſtoned to death by the people.—But now, Sir, things are greatly altered; now when they are arrived at the conſummation of all their wiſhes, through the dirtieſt ways, and a moſt tedious journey, no wonder that they want to ſhuffle off the marks of infamy, that make every one that has any reputation to loſe, ſo ſhy of joining them, hoping when they are once ſnugly ſettled, and have compoſed their perſons into a faſhionable appearance, that they will eſcape the eyes of the injured and jealous public; like ladies of the town, Sir, who fancy they are undiſcovered, when they contrive to thruſt themſelves into a bench among modeſt women. Alas, Sir, it is all in vain, the marks of the beaſt are wrote in characters not to be effaced—no herd, no crowd can conceal theſe

ſmitten deer—a Tory, Sir, may be ſingled out of any mob as eaſily as a Jew or a chimney-ſweeper.

I have heard ſay, Sir, of late, that a Whig is only a creature of fancy, like a dragon or a griffin, that exiſt no where but in heraldry; and I have alſo heard looſe women ſay, Sir, that a woman of virtue is as much a being of the imagination as any other fiction in our eſcutcheons.

I am afraid, Sir, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the words, we ſhall not be able to furniſh many ſquadrons of Whigs, nor above a legion of female griffins in all this great city.——But ſtill, Sir, it is the intereſt of virtue to rank thoſe on her ſide who are for keeping up the ſeparation; the lines that divide her and vice can never be levelled without they are forced or betrayed.—— Though far from the perfection that has been found in ſome Whig heroes and chaſte heroines ——the commoneſt ſtreet-walker in the ſuburbs of virtue, that never refuſed any favour but the laſt, and the moſt common Whig, Sir, deſerve better from mankind than to be ranked with common whores, and confounded with hackney Tories.

I have diſcharged my conſcience, Sir, in delivering my ſentiments upon the preſent occaſion with that freedom and candour becoming a man who has the honour to repreſent none but the free and generous. If mobs and riots, Sir, have

been frequent of late, I have ſhewn you to what ſort of men, and to what kind of principles, this univerſal diſaffection is owing. If I can find hereafter any ſymptoms of amendment amongſt the heads, you may depend upon my care, Sir, to endeavour to put a ſtop to the fermentation in the fæcal ducts. In the mean time it may not be amiſs, Sir, by way of hint, to leave my compliments with you for my lord Duke, to inform him, that though he has the power of the bags, and could let out his wind for as valuable a conſideration as Æolus did to Juno—even for a fine wench, Sir.

Quarum quæ forma pulcherrima Deïopiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili propriamque dicabo.

I acknowledge and feel, Sir, the ſtrength of the temptation, yet as I think it both impolitic and infinitely beneath him, I would not adviſe him to bluſter; for he can neither raiſe a ſtorm without my permiſſion, nor lay one without my aſſiſtance.

Non illi imperium pelagi ſævumque Tridentem,
Sed mihi ſorte datum *.

Upon which the Alderman awoke, rubbed his eyes, rung his bell, and called for pen, ink, and paper, and a draught of ſmall beer.

* Mr. Hogarth attending to the Sævum Tridentem, has put three enormous teeth into the mouth of our popular orator.

3 AU59

FABLES

FOR

GROWN GENTLEMEN:

By J. H. S. Esq.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LXI.

FABLES.

THE RIVER WITH A PETITION.

ACCORDING to the Romiſh creed,
I ſpeak of Rome two thouſand years ago,
The life that they ſuppos'd the Gods to lead,
You would not chuſe to undergo.
Jupiter's buſineſs day and night,
Was to attend with open ears and eyes,
And to write down, as faſt as he could write,
All the impertinence that men deviſe.
Beſides men's fopperies and ravings,
The women had ſo great a ſhare,
That their abſurdities and cravings
Omnipotence alone could bear.
And furthermore, to try his patience,
He heard the prayers and fanciful diſtreſſes
Of all his children and relations,
And of his wife and his miſtreſſes.
Once on a time, if you'll believe tradition,
A river in great tribulation,
To Jupiter preſented a petition,
With an expoſtulating exhortation;

Whereby, if the petitioner's refus'd,
He has a right to think himſelf ill-us'd;
A form of prayer contriv'd for execution,
Exactly like a double-barrel'd gun,
Which if you fire with reſolution,
You have another chance when one is done,
So far from killing two birds with one ſtone,
An art that's very little known;
All the petitioner deſir'd to do,
Was to kill one with two.
Now this petition ſhew'd how the petitioner,
For his fidelity, zeal, and devotion,
Had been appointed a commiſſioner
Of the revenues of the ocean,
Which he collected with great pains,
And ſent in good and current caſh,
But, for his trouble and clear gains,
The ſea return'd adulterated traſh:
Wherefore he pray'd,
Exhorted and ſubmitted,
That all the ſums the ocean paid,
Shall for the future be remitted,
And iſſued fair,
Without debaſement or impair.
Ungrateful Thames! the God replied,
Without that mixture and alloy,
Which the ſea pours into thee every tide,
Thy beauty and thy ſtrength would wear away.

Without his aid thou wouldſt remain
Like Tiber, or the poor pretending Seine,
Led thro' parterres, or roll'd down a caſcade,
Confin'd to vanity, and loſt to trade.
'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
'Tis thus the union they abuſe
For binding their back-ſides in chains,
And ſhackling their feet in ſhoes:
For giving them both food and fewel,
And comfortable cloaths,
Inſtead of cruel oat-meal gruel;
Inſtead of rags and heritable blows.
Luxury every day grows ſtronger;
The Highland fair
Beholds her lover now no longer
Trotting with his buttocks bare.
Thus doctor Brown was taken with the ſpleen,
And fancied we were all undone,
Raving about a carpet and a ſcreen,
And out of temper with the ſun:
Becauſe it is a crime,
As he ſuppoſes,
For men to run in winter time
Into the ſun to warm their noſes.
'Tis an egregious want of ſenſe,
A want of taſte, and want of ſhame,
To fancy univerſal affluence
And luxury the ſame.

In ſpite of doctor Brown's diſcerning,
The term of univerſal will agree,
As well with his benevolence and learning,
As univerſal ſuit with luxury.
He may perceive, if he be ſo inclin'd,
Like his diſcernment, luxury's confin'd.
For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
To eaſe the nobler ſtomach and the head,
So luxury, to gratify the great,
Inſults and robs the labourer of his bread.
Luxury in a ſtate is a diſeaſe,
Becauſe 'tis partial, and obſtructed wealth,
But univerſal affluence and eaſe
Is univerſal happineſs and health.

FABLE II.

THE PHOENIX AND HER LOVERS.

THAT every female's a coquette,
I could as ſafely ſwear upon a book,
As I could ſafely bet,
That every Frenchman is a cook.
A Phœnix, daughter of the ſun,
Chaſte as a veſtal, modeſt as a nun,
Added ſuch merit to her birth,
That not a bird, tho' of the higheſt faſhion,
No feather'd coxcomb of the earth
Ventur'd to declare his paſſion.

They all agreed
No earthly bird was worthy of her love;
None but a bird of the celeſtial breed,
An angel from above.
The phœnix liv'd ſo long a maid,
'Till all her gaiety and bloom
Began to fade,
And ſavour of the tomb.
She mop'd, grew ſplenetic, and tir'd
Of ſo much awe and ſo much ſtate,
She long'd like other birds to be admir'd,
Like other birds ſhe long'd to find a mate.
At laſt ſhe iſſu'd out a proclamation,
To ſummon the male birds of every nation;
Perhaps this ſummons, and this longing,
Was a political machine,
Juſt like the lovers that came thronging,
Summon'd by our virgin queen.
Now, from all quarters,
The birds appear'd in their beſt cloaths;
Nobles in ſtars and garters,
Curled and embroider'd beaux.
Some ſtately, others light and gay,
For ever chatter'd.
About the inner ring,
Where all the birds of figure preſs,
A bat whirl'd round with leathern wing,

To ſhow his ſhape and his addreſs,
Offering his heart, his eyes and wings to boot,
At which there roſe an univerſal hoot.
The phœnix anſwer'd in the tone,
And in the ſelf-ſame manner languiſh'd,
As queen Elizabeth when ſhe was ſhown
A taylor by her beauty vanquiſh'd;
Take courage, man, ſays ſhe,
For if I needs muſt have a taylor,
I promiſe, without failure,
To marry none but thee.
And as the queen coquetted at an age
When other queens are tame,
'Till ſhe went off the ſtage,
The phœnix did the ſame.
She died a great coquette, and what is more,
Roſe from the grave a greater than before.
The phœnix and ſelf-love are the ſame beaſt,
Within the human breaſt,
Which poets feign the ſpicy eaſt,
She builds her ſolitary neſt;
From whence, with every gale of wind,
The traveller may ſmell the mind.
Her lovers are our paſſions; theſe ſhe meets,
Either by appointment or by chance,
Which if ſhe can't indulge, ſhe treats
With ſmiles and complaiſance.

And as the phœnix, from her aſhes rais'd,
Returns as blooming as a bride,
So when we think it dies, the Lord be prais'd,
Self-love ſprings up again with double pride.
'Tis a determin'd caſe,
None but ourſelves can occupy our place.
For this ſame reaſon, phyſical and clear,
Each individual of us all,
Is that ſame phœnix, without any peer,
On this terreſtrial ball.
A lover is a madman, and a miſer
Not one jot wiſer.
Let any try, except a lover,
Or one devoted to his pelf,
Whether in all the world they can diſcover
Another ſelf.

FABLE III.

THE DUCKLINGS AND THE WISE BIRDS.

A Hen one evening to enjoy the cool,
Was walking with a brood of ducklings callow,
Juſt like a miſtreſs of a boarding ſchool,
With miſſes green and yellow.
As ſhe was tutoring and ſchooling
This bird for loitering, and that for fooling,
Behold a fiſhpond ſo alluring,

That, ſpite of her remonſtrances and cackle,
They ventur'd their whole ſtock without inſuring,
Truſting to their oars and tackle;
The hen kept ſcolding like a drab,
Curſing her rebellious race;
We're not thy children, cried a pert young ſquab,
If we were chickens we ſhould have more grace,
On nature we depend,
Our courſe ſhe ſteers,
Nature's a ſafer guide, and better friend,
Than any dotard's fears.
Cloſe by the pond, an antient tower,
Lifted its venerable head,
A college and ſequeſter'd bower
Where owls for ages had been bred;
An old profeſſor, a great clerk,
Taught them their talents to diſplay,
To keep their eyes wide open in the dark
And ſhut them in the face of day.
To think abſtractedly, to reaſon deep,
And to declaim, 'till all the world's aſleep.
Theſe ſtudents from the tower ſaw our young folks,
Our bold adventurers under ſail,
They heard their clamorous mirth and jokes,
And heard their nurſe's fruitleſs wail.
Obſerve, ſays one more learned than the reſt,
Theſe birds by inſtinct know the ſeaſon
To ſail, to eat, to go to reſt,
Juſt as we know by argument and reaſon.

We know from reaſon and experience both,
We ſee it ev'ry hour;
That governors are loth,
To part with power.
Yon hen which you all hear,
In ſuch a fright,
Undoubtedly affects that fear,
To keep her pupils always in her ſight.
From the ſame principle, for the ſame end,
Our tutor keeps us all thus penn'd;
Preaching that we muſt not pretend to fly,
We are too weak, it is too ſoon,
Which I'll demonſtrate to be a lye,
As clear as the ſun at noon.
Feet, ſaid the ſubtle owl,
Are not the things,
That conſtitute the eſſence of a fowl,
So much as wings.
Whatever is eſſential to our make
We ſooneſt learn and ſeldomeſt miſtake.
Hence that pathetic prayer, that tender call
By which we get our wants diſpatch'd,
Is ſo eſſential above all,
That we all ſpeak the moment we are hatch'd:
Nature, benevolent and wiſe,
Opens our mouths much ſooner than our eyes.

By parity of reaſon meet,
Our wings and pinions ſhould be ready,
Long time before our heads and feet
Are firm and ſteady.
Therefore 'twill follow like a chain,
That as we walk, you muſt confeſs,
With little giddineſs and pain,
If we attempt it, we muſt fly with leſs.
This reaſoning philoſophic wight
Convinc'd his brethren one and all:
With one accord they took their flight,
And fatal and untimely was their fall!
None of them reaſon'd any more,
The young logicians lay like wrecks,
Drown'd in the pond, and ſcatter'd on the ſhore,
With mangled limbs and broken necks.
Bred in a court, or ſome gay city,
The ducklings are thoſe thoughtleſs ſprightly fools,
Oh Cambridge is it not a pity,
Strangers to thee and to thy ſchools?

FABLE IV.

LA NOBLESSE DE FRANCE.

THE FIGHTING COCK AND THE CRAVEN.

A Cock, an officer of foot,
In France retir'd into a village,

Where he did nought but crow and ſtrut,
And liv'd by pillage.
Whene'er he had a mind
To take his paſtime with the fair,
He was not to one wife confin'd,
Nor to a pair:
But, like a lord,
Had half a dozen both at bed and board.
He ſpied a barn door fowl one day,
Cram'd from the rump up to the gullet,
In amorous dalliance and play
With a young pullet.
His robes and train, his ſenatorial cap,
His ſize almoſt the ſize of geeſe,
Shew'd that he had been nurtur'd in the lap
Of peace.
Bred for the bench and preſidential chair,
He judg'd, he rooſted, and digeſted there.
The military cock took as much pleaſure
As an unlucky page,
To ſee the magiſtrate employ his leiſure
So much below his dignity and age.
He that ſhould ſet a good example!
Be virtuous and diſcreet!
To tread on modeſty, and trample
Chaſtity beneath his feet!
Fine time, ſays he, when judges run
Seducing maidens in the open ſun!

This wanton fit
Comes of intemperance and over-eating;
Which, as it ſoon will bring you to the ſpit,
Shall ſave your reverence from a beating.
To this reproof,
With a ſly ſneer, the judge replied aloof:
'Tis true, that I and all my brood,
When we have run the race aſſign'd,
Shall have the honour to become the food
And comfort of mankind.
An unexpected death
Shall gently ſteal, not force away our breath.
Good colonel, you are mightily miſtaken,
It is not owing to reſpect, indeed,
That you are neither boil'd, like us, with bacon,
Roaſted nor fricaſſeed.
But tho' your fleſh be men's averſion,
Yet it contributes much to their diverſion;
They give you barley, bread, and oats,
Becauſe they take great pleaſure and delight
To ſee you fight;
To ſee you cutting one another's throats.
If you eſcape, and are not ſlain in war,
You are in a worſe plight by far:
Amongſt the hogs,
Wounded and lame you're on a dunghill caſt,
By wanton boys and puppy dogs
Worried or teaz'd to death at laſt.

In France the land-tax is not as 'tis here,
A tax where you appeal and ſquabble;
There the nobility go free and clear,
Like the raſcality and rabble.
The ſame exception pards and tygers own;
And the baſe polecat caught in gins:
Their fleſh and bone we let alone,
And aſk them nothing but their ſkins.

FABLE V.

THE DOG AND THE CAT.

INTEREST faſcinates both age and youth,
And, with a glance of her bewitching eye,
Can make a miniſter ſpeak truth,
Or make a mighty monarch tell a lye.
She can ſet brothers by the ears,
And, what you'll ſcarce believe perhaps,
Make ſiſters as harmonious as the ſpheres,
And live together without pulling caps.
'Tis ſhe gives every one her place,
Oft, like a blundering marſhal at a feaſt,
Joining a ſcoundrel to his grace,
An atheiſt to a prieſt.
Intereſt well underſtood,
Made Solomon, makes Melcomb now declare
That life is only good
To eat and drink, and laugh, and baniſh care.

Cloſe by a kitchen fire, a dog and cat,
Each a famous politician,
Were meditating as they ſat,
Plans and projects of ambition.
By the ſame fire were ſet to warm
Fragments of their maſter's dinner;
Temptations to alarm
The frailty of a ſinner.
Clear prurient water ſtream'd from Pompey's jaws,
And Tabby look'd demure, and lick'd her paws;
And as two plenipos,
For fear of a ſurpriſe,
When both have ſomething to propoſe,
Examine one another's eyes;
Or like two maids, tho' ſmit by different ſwains,
In jealous conference o'er a diſh of tea,
Pompey and Tabby both, cudgell'd their brains,
Studying each other's phiſiognomy.
Pompey, endow'd with finer ſenſe,
Diſcover'd in a caſt of Tabby's face,
A ſymptom of concupiſcence,
Which made it a clear caſe.
When, ſtraight applying to the dawning paſſion,
Pompey addreſs'd her in this faſhion:
Both you and I, with vigilance and zeal,
Becoming faithful dogs and pious cats,
Have guarded day and night this common-weal,
From robbery and rats,

All that we get for this, heaven knows,
Is a few bones, and many blows.
Let us no longer fawn and whine,
Since we have talents and are able;
Let us impoſe an equitable fine
Upon our maſter's table:
And to be brief,
Let us each chooſe a ſingle diſh,
I'll be contented with roaſt beef,
Take you that turbot—you love fiſh.
Thus every dog and cat agrees,
When they can ſettle their own fees.
Thus two contending chiefs are ſeen,
T' agree at laſt in every meaſure;
One takes the management of the marine,
The other of the nation's treaſure:
Thus Legge retir'd, thus even Pitt
His popularity reſign'd,
For a tid-bitt,
A pit-tance ſuited to the patriot's mind.

FABLE VI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

WITH malice fell
A ſpider watch'd within his cell,
Ready to ſally,

The unwary traveller to ſouſe,
Like a jew-broker in the alley,
Or a Dutch merchant in his counting-houſe:
Like them he correſponded far and near,
And tho' his trade was intricate and dark,
He manag'd his affairs, and kept all clear,
Without a partner or a clerk.
A petit maitre, an active buſtling fly,
Thinking to ſcamper unmoleſted,
With airy equipage as he paſs'd by,
By cruel Cacus was arreſted.
Furniſh'd with undaunted ſenſe,
Which only courts and camps can teach,
Having no weapon or defence,
Except his inſtrument of ſpeech,
The fly, with flattering ſoporific ſtrains,
Tried to benumb the ſpider's brains:
Hearing ſuch daily praiſe beſtow'd,
Upon your elegance in weaving,
I came to viſit your abode,
Which is magnificent beyond believing:
And now I am convinc'd, if you will drop
The linen trade,
And take to weaving velvets and brocades,
The ſallad-eaters ſoon muſt ſhut up ſhop,
Change but your diet, and, like theirs, your taſte
Will grow refin'd, correct and chaſte.

As I have ſtudied every herb and leaf,
That's either noxious or fit to eat,
Make me your caterer in chief,
And purveyor of all your meat.
Send me this inſtant, in a trice
I'll bring you ſomething ſavoury and nice.
Seeing the ſpider ſmile and grin,
He found his plot would not ſucceed,
It was too thin,
For one of that ſagacious breed;
On which he fell a vapouring and buzzing,
Swearing the drones would take the alarm,
And come to the aſſiſtance of their couſin
With an enormous ſwarm.
The drones and I are no ſuch ſtrangers,
We know, ſaid Cacus, what we both can do,
They are too wiſe to run their heads in dangers,
For ſuch a buſy meddling fool as you;
But, ſince you come to ſpoil our manufacture,
And poiſon honeſt traders,
I'll hang you like a malefactor,
To terrify invaders.
No ſooner ſaid than done,
He knock'd him down, and hung him in the ſun.
The ſpider's a negociator,
And an enſnaring captious debater,
Obdurate, ſubtle and alert.
The fly a coxcomb and a prater,
Teazing and pert.

Tho' all ſuch characters I hate,
And from my ſoul deſpiſe,
May we have many ſpiders in the ſtate,
When we are plagu'd with French and Spaniſh flies.

FABLE VII.

The WILD DUCKS and the WATER SPANIEL.

AFTER a tedious flight,
Of many a ſtormy day and night;
A flock of wild ducks ſailing up and down,
Upon a lake were making merry;
Like ſailors in a ſea-port town,
Juſt arriv'd from Pondicherry.
A ſwan too ſtately for ſuch ſport,
To ſhew herſelf was all her view,
Had undertaken to eſcort
The jovial crew.
Swelling and bridling
With all the airs of a fine dame at court;
Turning about and ſideling,
Advancing, and then ſtopping ſhort,
Diſplaying in her features
Contempt and inſolent dejection,
To ſignify that thoſe ſtrange creatures,
Were forc'd upon her for protection.
I muſt confeſs, amongſt mankind
I have ſeen ſwans as fooliſhly inclin'd.
At Paris on the Seine,

I've ſeen a French marquee conduct a pair
Of German barons to the air
Of Saint Germaine,
Strutting before them, toſſing up his head,
Then looking back, and lowering his creſt,
The barons were ſo aukward, ſo ill bred,
And ſo ill dreſs'd.
Have you not ſeen a new-made peer
With equal pride, but greater trepidations,
Obſerving in his rear
A troop of country relations,
Run up St. James's ſtreet, and, at two leaps,
Take Arthur's ſteps?
Thoſe ſteps as terrible as the Tarpeian,
From whence with one black ball you're hurl'd
Into another world
Among the damn'd Plebeian.
Perhaps this grave and ſolemn ſwan
Diſlik'd the company of thoſe wild-ducks,
Juſt as a prude, or ſober man,
Diſlikes the company of bucks.
For while they made more noiſe and riot
Than twenty juſtices of peace,
The ſwan was ſerious and quiet,
As captain Gander marching with his geeſe.
Marching to the field,
With gorget and a wooden ſhield.

About the middle of the lake,
Upon the banks a water ſpaniel lay,
Looking out for duck or drake,
Or any lawful prey,
And as the captain of a privateer
Lies by,
Nor offers to bear down, nor gives a cheer,
'Till his expected prize begins to fly,
Cloſe to the ſhore the ſpaniel lets them ſail,
And ruſh'd into the lake when they turn'd tail,
Snorting and ſnoring;
Purſuing them with all his force,
Swearing and roaring
'Till he was hoarſe;
He turn'd and veer'd,
Now made a ſtretch, and then a tack;
Now ſnapp'd, and now they diſappear'd,
And roſe again a long way back:
'Till the poor ſpiritleſs exhauſted brute
Was forc'd to give up the purſuit.
And as the French to Toulon ran,
And left the Spaniards in a ſcrape,
The moment that the fray began,
The ſwan made her eſcape.
Quite out of reach,
A roan duck on the beach,
Under a ſhed,
Conſider'd the whole ſcene with wonder,

Juſt like Caligula under the bed,
Studying the cauſe of lightning and thunder.
As the victorious crew paſs'd by in order,
He made them an oration;
The roan duck being the recorder,
Or burgomaſter of the corporation.
Leave your abandon'd lives,
Roving like pirates and Jews,
Come hither with your children and wives,
And ſettle peaceably in our mews.
We'll take you without any fuſs,
Here we have neither law nor code,
You're only tied to copy us,
And go by cuſtom and the mode;
You ſhall be faſhionably dreſs'd,
Protected, treated, and careſs'd,
A friſeur, with an inſtrument of ſteel,
Shall ſhape your wings and your toupee,
Make them ſit perfectly genteel,
Eaſy and free.
As to the reſt, you may gather from my looks
Whether the air is good,
And whether we have wholeſome food,
Or tolerable cooks.
Peace, wretch, the chieftain duck replied,
Nor with thy venal breath offend the brave,
Freedom is as much our pride,
As 'tis thine to be a ſlave.

We neither injure nor provoke;
We neither fear the great nor ſmall,
Becauſe we ſcorn to yield to any yoke,
We are hated by them all.
From pole to pole purſued,
From pole to pole
Our enemies have every ſoul
Been baffled and ſubdued.
Lords of three elements we can maintain
Our freedom and poſſeſſions,
With the ſame eaſe that we diſdain
Thy offers, and inſidious profeſſions.
In our own virtue we confide,
On others how can we rely?
When fear or hope, envy or pride,
May turn a friend into a falſe ally.
Thoſe who depend on others;
Whether on males or females they depend,
Will find the ſwan has many brothers,
And ſiſters without end.

FABLE VIII.

THE ADVICE OF AN OLD SPANIEL.

A Certain dog of middling birth,
Frolickſome and full of play:

Even in the height of all his mirth,
Delicate, as well as gay:
With far more feeling for his friend,
Than they could either taſte or comprehend.—
Being thrown into the world betimes,
Betimes diſcover'd it was all a cheat,
Yet not ſo dangerous for odious crimes,
As odious for malice and deceit;
Oft when he meant to have amus'd
His friends with a conceit, or harmleſs jeſt,
By many he was ſnarl'd at and abus'd,
And ſlighted even by the beſt.
Oft, when half-ſtarv'd, he found a bone,
Or ſomething hid,
Inſtead of eating it alone,
As others did,
He ran to ſhare his daily bread,
Unſought;
With thoſe that were much better fed
Than taught.
His daily bread they ſeiz'd;
And drove him from their meſs,
More diſappointed and diſpleas'd
With their ingratitude than his diſtreſs.
It is a maxim amongſt dogs,
When they have the addreſs and ſkill,
To ſlip their collars and their clogs,
And leave their friends that uſe them ill.

To avoid anxiety and ſtrife
Tray was reſolv'd to try a country life.
A country dog, I think,
Is exactly like a country 'ſquire,
They both are only fit to ſleep and ſtink
By their own fire,
And when awake are only good
To yelp and halloo in a wood.
Their joys,
And converſation are the ſame,
'Tis all a clamour and a noiſe,
And all the noiſe and clamour about game.
Three words compoſe their whole vocabulary,
A fox, a hare, and a fine ſcenting day,
Whether they are ſerious or merry,
'Tis all they have to ſay:
In ſhort they never are ſo entertaining,
As when they're faſt aſleep or feigning.
To quit ſuch friends as theſe,
One would not grieve,
Tray parted from them with great eaſe,
Without ſo much as taking leave,
Conſults his grandſire by profeſſion,
A ſpaniel;
For judgment and diſcretion,
A perfect Daniel;
Benign and mild;
He heard his grandſon's grievances and ſmil'd.

Grandſon, ſaid he, I do conceive,
If you had known the world, and how things go,
But half as much as you believe;
Which is twice as much as I believe you know;
You would not have complain'd,
That dogs behave to one another,
When they are unchain'd,
Like every creature to his brother.
Say, dupe of a raſh confidence and truſt,
If you lie open and unguarded,
Is it not juſt,
That vigilance ſhould be rewarded?
'Twas neither nature's call,
Nor my inſtruction,
To truſt your friends at all;
Muſt leſs, to truſt them to your own deſtruction:
A painful and ſevere attention,
Is but a neceſſary fence,
To every dog of ſenſe,
Againſt deceit and circumvention;
A taſk from which you hop'd to be reliev'd
By truſting to your friends:
You are deceiv'd,
Acting as much as they for your own ends:
All the world knows,
That friendſhip's a mere ſound;
A ſound that hardly can impoſe
Upon a puppy hound.

Nature is not to blame,
Flatter'd by cunning, indolence invented
That fooliſh name,
By which ſo many fools are circumvented.
Happineſs you'll ſeldom find,
Unleſs you learn
To have no weighty intereſt, or concern,
With thoſe of your own kind.
Unleſs you learn, (if it is not too late)
That they are neither worth your love nor hate.

FABLES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1770.

PART II.

FABLE I.

To my Lord —— ——.

WITH parts, tho' little worſe for wearing,
That ſcarce would pay for the repairing,
A man paſt forty five,
Furniſh'd with indolence and pride,
A huge tremendous ſpouſe beſide,
To ſave his ſoul alive,
Was ſitting yawning by the ſea,
Twirling his ſnuff-box juſt like me.
Vanquiſh'd almoſt by ſtrenuous ſloth,
He ſet himſelf a taſk at length,
A taſk above his worſhip's ſtrength,
Above the ſtrength of both.
" To ſit with an attentive eye
" To mark and take a ſtrict account,
" And how exactly the amount
" Of all the waves as they paſs'd by."

So putting on, to ſuit the caſe,
A calculating placid face,
He kept his reck'ning and diſcretion
'Till, by miſcounting grown confuſed,
And conſequently diſamuſed,
He broke the ſeries of progreſſion;
Which overflowing, fill'd him quite
With ſpleen up to the throat, and ſpite.
During this vap'riſh fit of grief,
A Fox ſtepp'd up (my Lord, 'tis true,
It was your genius, tho' not you),
A Fox ſtepp'd up to his relief.
Begin again, ſaid he, and mind;
Why will you poiſon your enjoyment?
Are there not waves enow behind,
Enow for your whole life's employment?
Of all thoſe millions that were lent,
Myriads of millions muſt have bounds,
Of all thoſe millions you have ſpent,
I ſpeak of moments, not of pounds,
Keep no account, nor heed the ſum,
Time paſt is * *nitchil*, my good friend,
Remember only how you ſpend
The preſent and the time to come.

FABLE II.

PRAY tell me, Sir, in what reſpect,
What harm, ſays Pert, in a pert gown,

* *An Exchequer Term*, the charge is anſwered by a cypher.

Do you imagine or expect
From us the ſervants of the Crown.
Why none at all, if you were wiſe;
And there perhaps the danger lies.
But let me tell you, ſaid Sir John,
(It was a roguiſh whig that ſpoke)
How Æſop once was ſet upon,
And how he ſtung them with a joke.
A ſet of jolly tars one day,
Of Athens the ſupporters,
Joking with Æſop in their way,
Juſt like a ſet of drunken porters;
Come on, cries one, my cunning man,
Unload that pack
Upon your back,
Give us a Fable ſpick and ſpan.
Then claps him on the back, and hollows,
On which out came the tale that follows:
NATURE had ſuffer'd a contuſion,
Old Ocean from his ſeat had wander'd,
When Jove, to clear up the confuſion
And bring things to their proper ſtandard,
Cried out, Drink, Earth, with all thy might,
Three drunken boots will ſet all right.
She drank ſuch draughts for the firſt time,
The mountains ſoaking like a toaſt,
Uncover'd to the roots almoſt,
Appear'd with heaps of mud and ſlime.

The ſecond bout the trees appear'd;
The third the vallies were quite clear'd:
Had ſhe continued in that cue,
It would have been the worſe for you,
For by and by
She muſt have drunk the ocean dry,
And if ſhe had, my witty men,
What would you ſailors have done then?

Now, Sir, by way of application,
Pray look at our low ſituation,
Surrounded by a ſea of law,
In imitation of our betters,
We try to keep this ſea in awe,
Like Xerxes and the Dutch, with fetters;
That is, with many a bank and fence,
Labour and infinite expence,
We keep in pretty decent bounds
Prerogative or royal pride,
That overflow our neighbour's grounds,
And ſpread deſtruction far and wide.
Suppoſe, from any cauſe you pleaſe,
You, who are truſted with the keys,
Who ought to watch againſt abuſes,
Should think it neither harm nor ſin,
To open all your gates and ſluices,
And let the foaming waters in.
In ſuch a caſe, to ſay no more,
Reck'ning all thoſe that muſt be drown'd,

And ſome perhaps that may be found
Knock'd on the head aſhore,
Tell me, ye men of ſubtile brain,
How many Lawyers will remain?

FABLE III.

A WOLF purſued a Kid one day,
Left by a ſhepherd through miſtake,
That, like a truant at a wake,
Loiter'd behind to ſport and play.
So well Sir Lupus play'd his part,
There was no chance in any ſhape
For her eſcape,
Unleſs ſhe could eſcape by art,
As he preſs'd hard upon her rear,
The cunning jade,
Like a diſtreſs'd and injur'd maid,
Turn'd round, and dropp'd a tear.
Dread Sir, ſhe cried, I ſee my fate,
Suſpend your hunger and your hate,
Oh let me hear that voice ſo ſweet,
Charm me once more before my death,
Your humble maid ſhall at your feet,
With joy reſign her breath.
The wolf ſet up a hideous howl;
The moment he began to ſing,
He made the woods and vallies ring,
And frighten'd every beaſt and fowl.

He ſcarce had rung a dozen peals,
When, following, as they were bid,
A hundred Dogs were at his heels,
Which put the Wolf to flight, and ſav'd the Kid.
Thus hunted Liberty beſought
A reſpite for a certain ſeaſon,
Begging before he cut her throat,
To hear her learned Butcher reaſon.
The Butcher made ſo great a din,
His eloquence brought down the rabble,
Glad to eſcape with a whole ſkin,
Freedom left him and them to ſquabble.
Bad tenets openly maintain'd
Are not ſo bad as good ones feign'd;
Filmer, ſo far from doing harm,
Serv'd, like the Wolf, to give th' alarm.

FABLE IV.

THOUGHTFULLY walking in his park,
His Grace, with eyes fix'd on the ground,
Beheld an object of ſmall mark,
Made like a furz-ball, dark and round;
And, like one trod upon, it broke,
Gave a loud crack, and ſent forth ſmoke.
His Grace's diamond buckles ſullied,
He kick'd the ball with great diſdain,

As if diſdaining to be bullied;
The ball look'd twice as big again.
Again he kick'd, kick after kick,
Then took a ſtone, then tried a ſtick;
The ball went on at ſuch a pace,
It was grown bigger than his Grace.
Zounds! ſaid the Duke what have we here?
What means this fooliſh apparition?
Minerva whiſper'd in his ear,
It means the Yorkſhiremen's petition.

FABLE V.

AN Aſs was limping in great pain:
A nail, or elſe a pointed ſtick,
Had pierc'd his foot into the quick;
And all attempts to get it out were vain.
With melancholy face,
Quite in deſpair, he turn'd his back
Upon both Regular and Quack,
And told a Wolf his caſe;
With you, ſaid he, my ſufferings end,
Into your paws my life I put:
Eat me; but firſt, Sir, condeſcend
To draw the nail out of my foot;
Let me enjoy one moment's eaſe,
Devour me after when you pleaſe.

With teeth as hard as braſs,
The Wolf drew out the nail;
On which his patient, John the Aſs,
Whiſking about his Aſs's tail,
Full at the Wolf let fly a ſtroke,
That broke his jaws, and would have broke
A helmet or a coat of mail,
That ſpoil'd his inſtruments for drawing,
And ſtripp'd him of his tools for chewing.
Friend, ſaid the Aſs, you are right ſerved;
Why would you alter your condition?
'Tis fit a butcher ſhould be ſtarved,
When he ſets up for a phyſician.
A thouſand times it has been told,
'Tis true,
But if the Fable's trite and old,
You'll own the application's new.
A man of wealth, therefore of weight,
A moſt notorious malefactor,
Approach'd a Miniſter of State,
With loaded hands, tho' no contractor;
Five thouſand Hoares, five thouſand banks,
A ring, and twenty thouſand thanks;
Take but this thorn out of my ſide,
Prevent my fall;
My boroughs ever bound and tied
Shall wait your Lordſhip's call.

My Lord, ſaid he, naught can defeat us,
If you will grant me my Quietus.
'Twas done, and bravely done, no doubt,
For now he join'd his powers and ſtrength,
And had the happineſs at length
To help to kick his Lordſhip out.

FABLE VI.

CROSSING a river ſwift and wide,
A Horſe, with an indignant eye,
Beheld a fooliſh piece of pride,
A piece of Dung come prancing by.
Behold, ſaid he, that compoſt vile,
The filthy ſtuff,
That was behind me half a mile,
Is now before me far enough.
* But why ſhould this make a Horſe ſick?
Delighted with malicious jokes,
Fortune plays many a worſe trick,
When ſhe plays ſome of her fine ſtrokes.

* But why ſhould this make a Horſe ſick,
This is not any new vagary,
Fortune plays many a worſe trick,
Quoties voluit jocari.

For the ſake of the Ladies, the Author altered it.

Did not ſhe fearleſs of reproach,
Beſtow on him that rubb'd my heels,
My maſter's widow and his coach,
And kitchen-ſtuff, to greaſe the wheels?
The lucky dog, ſaid he, and ſmil'd,
Has got her daughter too with child.

FABLE VII.

A FLOCK of Cranes newly come over,
Buried in wheat up to the throat,
Like oxen rioting in clover,
Were taken at their *table d'hóte*.
Amongſt the ſet
Thus taken up for vagrant game,
A Stork was found in the ſame net,
Pretending to be ſick and lame;
With whining voice and face of braſs,
Juſt like a rogue with a falſe paſs,
Seiz'd with a fainting fit,
'Tis but a moment ſince I lit;
For filial duty in all ages,
Our houſe, ſaid he, was ever noted,
By all philoſophers and ſages,
By poets male and female quoted:
My name is Stork, the Cranes will own
No way related to their clan;

I ſhould as ſoon digeſt a ſtone,
As corn or bran.
Believe not me, truſt your own eyes;
Take and examine us by pairs,
Obſerve the difference of our dies,
How different mine is from theirs.
Neither your colour nor digeſtion,
The farmer cried, is now the queſtion;
That you were taken in this place,
And in their company, is plain;
But, for the honour of your race,
You ſhall be puniſh'd as a Crane.
So have I heard a Placeman grave,
Reply aloud, when he was bated,
For joining, like a pimping ſlave,
A pack of Tories that he hated,
'Tis mighty well, upon that head,
I give you leave to run your rig;
You know at Cambridge I was bred,
And all the world knows I'm a Whig.

FABLE VIII.

A GNAT upon an Ox's horn,
Clapping his wings, ſang forth his praiſe,
Greater than the Unicorn:
Hail, greateſt beaſt of all that graze!
Accept, great brute, my willing ſtrain;

And, if my weight give you no pain,
Which I much fear,
Allow me to remain:
Great and mighty Chieftain, ſay,
Whether ſhall I go or ſtay?
The Ox reply'd,
Where inſignificance prevails,
You always meet with empty pride;
Depend upon't, it never fails:
To me, vain inſect, 'tis the ſame,
You may give over or go on;
I neither felt you when you came,
Nor ſhall I miſs you when you're gone.

Said Maupertuis, Pray, read this Fable,
And I'll explain it to the table.
Obſerve Voltaire, that chirps and ſings
Near Pruſſia's King from night to morn;
He is the Gnat that claps his wings,
And ſings upon the Ox's horn:
Voltaire replied, the Gnat ſuits me;
But why an Ox? there I am dull;
As for the Ox, ſaid Maupertuis,
I wiſh the Ox had been a Bull.*

* If there is any meaning in theſe four laſt lines of the author, of which I hold him guiltleſs, to uſe the words of Jean Jaques, "ce n'eſt que pour ceux, qui ont (le Tact) l'odorat fin," he ſhould have ſaid. SMELLFUNGUS.

FABLE IX.

ONCE on a time, a man of faſhion,
Æſop has told it you before,
In love, and blinded by his paſſion,
At Athens wed a common Whore.
The Whore, tranſported with devotion,
Leaving her lovers in the lurch,
And alſo proud of her promotion,
Attended daily the Greek church.
Venus, to whom ſhe made her prayers,
Rated her ſoundly in her ſleep:
You ſtrumpet, give yourſelf no airs;
Your prayers, ſaid ſhe, and incenſe keep:
Not for your ſake, nor for your vows,
I gave your ladyſhip your ſpouſe,
Nor, like dame Fortune, for a whim;
It was becauſe in twenty places
He had affronted all the Graces;
In ſhort, becauſe I hated him.
My Lord has made a vile buffoon
His boſom friend, the Graces cried;
Good gracious Venus, grant our boon
Give him a harlot for his bride.
Tho' chaſte, the Graces are ſo gay,
Venus herſelf is ſo delighted,

So taken with their winning way,
She hates all thoſe by whom they're ſlighted.

FABLE X.

LET him alone; he's a Reviewer,
By ſuch vile traſh he gets his bread;
And for that reaſon, ſoyez ſeur,
He well deſerves a broken head.
A Flea out of a blanket ſhaken,
A bloody-minded ſinner,
Upon a Taylor's neck was taken,
Marauding for a dinner.
The Flea attempted a defence,
The damage was ſo ſmall,
That the offence
Was next to none, or none at all:
And furthermore, to ſave his life,
Pleaded his children and poor wife.
That's not the caſe, the Judge reply'd,
The harm is ſmall, 'tis not deny'd;
You did your worſt, and had your fill:
Die then, ſaid he,
Unrighteous Flea,
Not for the deed, but for the will.

FABLE XI.

AN Eagle pick'd up a young Lamb,
Careleſsly ſporting by her Dam,
Too feeble to protect and guard her;
Aloft you might have ſeen her ſwing,
Juſt like a Lamb on a hook-ring,
Swinging ſuſpended in a larder.
The bird kept mounting to the ſky,
'Till, like a paper kite,
Leſſen'd each inſtant to the eye,
He vaniſh'd out of ſight.
A Jack Daw on a ſteeple top,
Firſt taking a delib'rate hop,
Reſolv'd to try what he could do;
Reſolv'd the Eagle to excell,
Down, like a bird of prey, he fell,
To ſeize, and carry off, the Ewe:
His feet entangled in the wool,
Neither Jack's wings nor paper ſkull
Could reſcue him from his miſhap:
A Shepherd, ſummon'd by John's noiſe,
Took him, and, to divert his boys,
Trimm'd him, and gave him a fool's cap.
Now, Jack, ſaid he, now, if you will,
Fancy yourſelf an Eagle ſtill.

So have I ſeen, you know the place,
A Coxcomb, with a Jack Daw's wit,
Riſe, with a pert unmeaning face,
To emulate the Eagle PITT;
As fit to ſpeak or to reply
As Æſop's Tortoiſe was to fly;
Struggle and ſtrain to be diſtinguiſh'd,
Floundering and ſtammering evermore,
Then drop eternally extinguiſh'd
In one contemptuous farewell roar.
'Tis pertneſs makes Jack hop and chatter,
Pertneſs makes all weak people weaker;
Nothing but courage, ſtrength, and matter
Can make a thunder-bearing ſpeaker.

FABLE XII.

SUCKING his paws for his diverſion,
A Bear, a huge miſ-ſhapen maſs,
Beheld a Fox, with great averſion,
Picking the bones of a dead Aſs.
I never touch the dead, ſaid Bruin,
Nor break their ſacred reſt, like you,
To whom deſtruction and dire ruin,
For ſuch a wicked act, is due.
With a ſly grin, the Fox reply'd,
My learned friend, we differ wide;

Pray heaven, that you and all your kin
Would take a fancy to ſuch fare!
To eat the dead, is no great ſin,
It is the living you ſhould ſpare.
Your piety I underſtand;
You, Sir, and all your brethren chuſe
To fit yourſelves with thoſe at hand,
Rather than wait for dead folks ſhoes.
Happy are they that have no dealings
With Bears of nice and tender feelings!
Says Crito the benign:
Crito would ſooner loſe his head
Than vent his ſpleen
By ſpeaking evil of the dead.
Crito, you talk and look profoundly,
But pr'ythee, with that heart of ſteel,
Revile the dead, and maul them ſoundly;
Flea none but thoſe that cannot feel.
Your cruel paſtime, Junius, ceaſe;
Had you been juſt to honour and to fame,
Had you let Virtue ſleep in peace,
And laſh'd thoſe only that are dead to ſhame;
I ſhould have cry'd, why let him flaſh,
I like both Junius and his plan;
None but a knave need fear his laſh,
But Brutus is an honourable man.

FABLE XIII.

A SERPENT ſly,
With thoughtful head and watchful eye,
Had got out of a thouſand ſcrapes,
Either by wriggling or back-ſliding,
By circumvention or by gliding;
In ſhort, in many ſhapes.
Without the leaſt pretence
To conſequence or common ſenſe,
With volubility indeed
The tail, affecting to be great,
Envied the head her judgement ſeat,
And tried to take the lead.
Some members openly diſſented;
Some were won over, ſome afraid;
The major part at laſt conſented,
The head was ſhamefully betray'd.
Without an eye, a noſe, an ear,
Without the ſemblance of a brain,
Without a grain of wit or fear,
Madame la Queue began her reign,
And thus equipp'd began her ramble,
Tearing and ſcratching the poor Snake;
But tho' ſhe paſs'd through thorn or bramble,
She wheel'd at every ſtone or ſtake;

'Twas that by which ſhe was preſerved,
By flexibility alone,
Thoſe tails have always been obſerved
Moſt flexible that have leaſt bone:
They yield to any ſlight impreſſion;
Whereas an obſtinate ſtiff rump
Maintains her ground, and keeps poſſeſſion,
And moves for neither ſhove nor thump.
The head, that had not ſlept a wink,
Catch'd her at laſt faſt in a chink;
With ſanguine eyes and pallid hue,
La Tête advanced ſteady and clear,
Came round, and diſengaged La Queue,
And made her fall into the rear.
When they are firſt that ſhould be laſt,
It ſhall be now as in times paſt,
When they that were ordain'd to trail,
Preſume to take the lead and guide,
They muſt return and be the tail,
Or be cut off and lay'd aſide.

FABLE XIV.

A FOX contriv'd, tho' lock'd and barr'd,
Contrivance was the Fox's trade,
To ſteal into a Farmer's yard,
A la ſourdine, by eſcalade;

With appetites wicked and looſe,
Improv'd by travelling and art,
He ſuck'd the blood out of a Gooſe,
Raviſh'd a Hen, and broke her heart.
To put an end to theſe lewd courſes,
Before the caitiff was aware,
Surrounding him with all his forces,
The Farmer caught him in a ſnare.
He ſtudied till he crack'd his brains,
The writers of thoſe times relate,
To find out penalties and pains,
To ſuit his cruelty and hate;
Revenge will help you at a pinch,
E'en when your parts begin to fail.
To make Volpone die inch by inch,
He tied a fire-brand to his tail.
The Fox ran ſtreight to Hodge's corn,
And caus'd as great a conflagration,
As when Wilkes came and blew his horn,
That, like the laſt trump, rous'd the nation:
Turn'd out of doors with an intention
To get him baſted well, and roaſted;
But they pay'd dear for their invention,
They got him only nicely toaſted.
With Bills of Rights to his tail tied,
With red-hot Humphry too he came,
And more combuſtibles beſide,
That ſet all Brentford in a flame.

The ruin ſpread, and made ſuch haſte,
For all the engines, they employ'd,
The neighbouring towns were ſoon lay'd waſte,
And Middleſex was quite deſtroy'd:
The flames reach'd London; but anon
The wind chop'd round, or London too had gone.
Both theſe examples are compleat;
I wiſh ſome folks would learn from hence
To know that no revenge is ſweet,
Without a little common ſenſe.

FABLE XV.

A PEAR-TREE fell into diſgrace,
Exhauſting all its ſtrength in leaves,
An idle occupant of ſpace,
A ſhelter, and a den for thieves,
For birds perpetually merry,
As long as there was plumb or cherry.
The Orchard, in an ill condition,
Complain'd to Colin they were plunder'd;
To their long grumbling petition,
He only ſhook his head and wonder'd;
But took at laſt a reſolution,
To cut the uſeleſs Pear-tree down.
This was a right of diſſolution,
Inherent clearly in the Crown.

Colin in ſhort the ax apply'd,
And made a rupture in the Tree;
When lo! there iſſued from its ſide
In ſtreams, the labours of the Bee.
You go, ſaid he, at a fine rate;
I vow, you're in a pleaſant vein:
Continue in this humour, Kate,
The birds and you ſhall both remain.
How could they ever ſing ſo ſweet,
If our poor birds had naught to eat?
Remain, ſaid he; our humours ſuit,
Your honey overpays their fruit.

FABLE XVI.

A TEAM of Oxen fat and fair,
Reſign'd to every Bumkin's goad;
With little feeling and leſs care,
Were marching with a heavy load;
During the march, the Wheels alone
Cry'd out, and made a grievous moan.
Pleas'd with the hint, his Grace turn'd round,
Faction makes all that noiſe and rumbling:
The People, that bear all the weight,
That drag both them and the whole State,
March, like the Oxen, without grumbling.
The Sage reply'd, My Lord, 'tis true,
Faction and party noiſe are vain:

'Tis well apply'd, and made for you,
I grant, if they alone complain;
But, if it fits not now, I know
A reign when it was apropos.

FABLE XVII.

ARSINOE, A MORAL TALE.

IT is not only Love you'll find;
You muſt not mind what Poets ſay,
All our ſtrong paſſions are as blind,
Our weakeſt ſcarce can ſee their way;
A Tale will ſhew you what I mean;
Enter Arſinoë, the Queen.
Her fav'rite ſon, a puny chick,
Once on a time, was taken ſick;
Doctors were ſent for into Greece;
A humour fell into his bum;
He might at leaſt have died in peace,
If theſe Greek Doctors had not come.
At laſt the Doctors let him go,
And left the Queen in frantick woe:
Her eyes were fix'd, her talk was wild,
Like Niobe, ſhe ſtood amazed,
She wonder'd Death durſt ſtrike her child,
And all her people thought her crazed;
For ſhe had ſeven ſons beſide,
The worſt of all was he that died.

Ten thouſand workmen were employ'd
For twenty years, I do ſuppoſe,
To make his corpſe a dwelling;
Ten thouſand oxen were deſtroy'd
Each day to feaſt her darling's noſe,
Tho' he had loſt his ſmelling.
Her Courtiers, to preſerve their places,
Forgot to ſhew their teeth and ſmile:
They came with Undertakers faces,
And adulation new and vile.
Juſt ſuch a Court for cant and ſnivel,
As when prieſt-ridden Lewis wed
His nurſe, and piſs'd her bridal bed,
Doating and dreaming of the Devil.
Phyſick had done the worſt it could;
At length, Philoſophy was brought,
A Brachman cry'd, I have a thought
May do your Majeſty much good.
The Queen afforded him her ear,
And he proceeded as you'll hear.
The Gods, diſpers'd through various nations,
Were ſummon'd by Jove's call,
Beyond their utmoſt expectations,
The Gods were portion'd, great and ſmall.
With Pleaſure, Power, the gift of Healing,
The art of War, and art of Stealing.
Amongſt thoſe Gods aſſembled then,
Dame Sorrow was not to be found,

For ſhe was fretting in ſome den,
  Or lying ſulky under ground.
Whether or no he did not care,
  Or, out of ſight, ſhe ſlipp'd his mind,
Sorrow got nothing for her ſhare,
  In any ſhape or kind.
At laſt, however, with her cries,
She mov'd the Ruler of the ſkies.
Sorrow, ſaid Jove, is always waking,
  You heard my ſummons like the reſt;
I can give nothing now worth taking,
  You might have ſhar'd amongſt the beſt;
But, as your Ladyſhip loves whimpering,
And has a mortal hate to ſimpering;
I give to you and your aſſigns
All lamentations, ſobs, and whines,
Urns full of bones burnt to a coal,
And, to refreſh your grievous ſoul,
I give you, tho' I'm tir'd of giving,
  Pitchers of tears, both mild and ſtale,
Beſtow'd by people that are living
  On folks as dead as a door nail;
And with each pitcher, a full pot
Of rich lacrymatory ſnot:
And to theſe gifts, not worth a penny,
  I give you tenderneſs in plenty,
  To be beſtow'd, like many a dainty,
On thoſe that have no need of any:

Juſt as the pious Romans treat
Their dead with plenty of nice food,
Altho' they grudge them all they eat
As long as eating does them good.
And, after you have blown your noſe,
Said Jove, and are prepar'd for this,
I give you dead men's eyes to cloſe,
And give you ev'ry dead man's kiſs.
And finally all funeral rites,
Throughout the world, ſays the old text,
Whether perform'd by Blacks or Whites,
With all the fooleries annex'd:
Of which, continued the grave Don,
I think your Pyramid is one.
The Pyramid, the Tears, the Urns,
Plac'd in ſo comical a light,
Gave our Queen's fancy many turns,
Brought her about, and ſet her right.
The Queen began to taſte repoſe,
She call'd for cards, and won at play;
And then came Joy, couleur de roſe,*
And all the Court again was gay.

* Bright as a roſe.

FABLE XVIII.

A FRAGRANT Roſe, in vernal bloom,
Cloſe by a penſive Myrtle grew;
A melancholy jealous gloom
Darken'd the Myrtle's native hue.
O happy Roſe! Myrtilla cry'd,
Thy ſweets unrival'd yet by art,
Faireſt of flowers, ſhe ſaid, and ſigh'd,
Thy bluſhes warm and win the heart.
Whilſt all conſpire to fan thy pride,
To me, like a neglected maid,
Attending joyleſs on a bride,
Nought but cold compliments are pay'd.
The Roſe reply'd, Myrtilla ceaſe;
Why will you envy me my day?
Why will you interrupt your peace?
You may pleaſe long, if you'll be gay.
The Roſe's dower is ſhort-liv'd praiſe,
Unfading vigour yours, and length of days.
Chloe, love Admiration leſs,
Love ſolid Truth, and Virtue more;
Then you will do what I profeſs,
No woman ever did before.
Then, Chloe, be for ever mine,
A Myrtle true, not one of thoſe

That, like Myrtilla, ſigh and pine,
  Eor all the lovers of the Roſe.

FABLE XIX.

CALYPSO, A MORAL TALE:

A COMPANION TO ARSINOE.

WE come too late, car tout eſt dit,
  Says La Bruiere, and more fool he;
Not only every age, each year,
  Brings ſcenes unknown before to view;
New realms of fancy ſtill appear,
  And, beyond them, regions ſtill new.
Voltaire, and others I could mention,
  Will take an old worm-eaten book,
  Furbiſh it up, and make it look,
As freſh as any young invention,
And palm a tale ten times repeated,
  Like an old watch in a new caſe,
Or an old piece with whom you're cheated,
  Taking her home for a new face.
Th' Epheſian Dame, ſo much in faſhion,
  Appear'd dreſs'd out a la Romaine *;
I lov'd her, but conceal'd my paſſion,
  Becauſe I found ſhe lov'd Fontaine.
This famous Matron had a ſiſter,
  In all reſpects far ſhort of her;

* Petronius Arbiter.

To make amends for that, I kiſs'd her,
Without a deal of fuzz and ſtir;
And here ſhe is, prim as a Quaker,
Whoever fancies her may take her.
Calypſo could not be conſol'd
For the departure of her ſpouſe:
A fever, caught, by catching cold,
Had cancel'd their connubial vows:
Her dwelling was by far too ſtrait
To hold ſuch quantities of grief;
And if it could, ſhe knew its weight,
A weight almoſt beyond belief!
Encreas'd by conſtant floods of tears,
Would bring the houſe about her ears.
To lay her grief up ſafe and ſound,
And give her ſorrow elbow-room,
Where could ſhe poſſibly have found
A place ſo proper as her huſband's tomb?
With vaulted roof, lofty and wide,
And all conveniencies beſide;
A lamp on each ſide of his urn,
Of vaſes lachrymal, a diſh,
A ſtone, to ſit upon and mourn,
As cold as any broken heart could wiſh:
And on his Urn engrav'd there were,
A torch revers'd to ſhew her loſs,
Death's head, and, with Death's head, a pair
Of marrow-bones were lay'd acroſs,

As good, tho' only made of ſtone,
For Grief to pick, as real bone.
The moſt voracious Sorrow here,
Might have found food for a whole year:
Within this cell was her delight,
  Whether the day was fair or foul,
She came, and always ſtay'd till night,
  To hear a ſolo from the Owl.
Then came her maid, and ſhe was led
To water with freſh tears her bed.
One morning in the month of May,
When all the world beſides was gay,
As ſhe was going upon duty,
  A Cavalier came pricking by,
  Beheld, and caſt a longing eye
Upon this melancholy beauty.
Like Pembroke vigorous and young,
And with his figure, Pembroke's tongue.
Her hair in doleful ringlets ſpread,
  Two large black eyes to ſuit her hair,
The graceful poſture of her head,
  And marble breaſts, for they were bare,
Were quite ſufficient to invite
A much leſs gallant Horſeman to alight.
Ent'ring the Tomb, with downcaſt eyes,
  He threw himſelf upon the ground,
Vollies of groans and diſmal ſighs
  Continually echo'd round;

But he ſeem'd ſunk in deep deſpair,
And took no notice of her weeping,
No more than if he had been ſleeping,
Or ſhe had not been there.
What other cauſe can be ſuſpected?
Eve's curioſity accurs'd,
Or pique, to find herſelf neglected,
Prompted the Widow to ſpeak firſt.
Alas! ſaid ſhe, what do I hear;
Have I a fellow Mourner near?
Unhappy Youth, why do you pine,
And wherefore join your tears with mine?
Why will you interrupt my woe?
To my dear wife theſe tears are due;
My tears for her will ever flow,
What are my tears, ſaid he, to you?
Mind your own grief, that's your affair;
With your's I can have no concern,
My own is more than I can bear,
Farther, I do not want to learn.
Then looking up, he cry'd, My life!
What do I ſee? is this my wife?
By heaven, ſaid he, upon his knees,
As like each other as two peas.
If this be true, ſaid ſhe, who knows,
It may be heaven's gracious will,
To put a period to our woes,
And we may both be happy ſtill.

Upon comparing notes, I find,
For neither ſtrove their thoughts to ſmother,
They found, from ſympathy of mind,
That they were deſtin'd for each other:
Both ſatisfy'd upon that head,
Seal'd on the ſpot an obligation;
A kind of form when people wed,
Like proxies, by anticipation.
Before the ſetting of the ſun,
Anticipation was quite done;
And then, the ceremony ending,
Both he and ſhe, ſedate and calm,
Without one qualm,
Roſe from the dead, to light aſcending.
His head was ſcarce out of the door,
Till he relaps'd, grew bad again,
And cry'd amain;
Not only cry'd, but ſwore.
Dry up your tears, ſaid ſhe, my life,
Let us forget our ſorrows paſt;
Truſt me, you'll find a loving wife,
At leaſt as loving as your laſt.
My loſs is not ſo ſoon repair'd,
In ſhort it could not be replac'd
In haſte,
The Cavalier declar'd.
My grief, alack, grows worſe and worſe,
The tears I ſhed for her in ſhowers
Were ſoon dry'd up, ſaid he, like yours:
This is true grief, for I have loſt my horſe.

FABLE XX.

A HUNGRY Crow, lean as a ſtick,
Beating about his hunting ground,
To find, amongſt the dead or quick,
A dinner, if it could be found,
Perceiv'd a Serpent lying baſking,
This is a glorious Worm indeed!
One may dine here; there is no need,
Said he, to wait for aſking.
On which Don Corvo cock'd his tail,
And ſtrutted in the gutter;
Reſolv'd to fall to, tooth and nail,
When he had carv'd and cut her.
Inſtead of making a good dinner,
Or making a good hit,
Corvo, like many a fooliſh ſinner,
Found himſelf miſerably bit.
Too late he found out his miſtake;
Paſſion minds nothing but the form,
Paſſion will ſeize upon a Snake,
And take it for a harmleſs Worm.
This Fable in his hand, a Miſer,
Said to his ſon, 'Tis hard to tell
How many people would be wiſer,
If they apply'd this Fable well;

You might have ſav'd, ſaid he, dear Will,
Many a good pound and many a pill.
The Son reply'd, How folks are blind!
It means an avaritious mind,
With hunger, toils, and danger ſtruggling,
'Till, bit for want of taking heed,
Some cunning Serpent makes him bleed,
As you were made to bleed for ſmuggling.

FABLE XXI.

A FOX, with Death before his eyes,
And at his back
The Furies, with their whips and cries,
Encouraging the helliſh pack,
Stood on a precipice's brink,
Having but little time to think:
Of Friends of every kind
And all reſources now bereft,
Preſence of mind
Was all the Fox had left.
Upon the rock he ſpy'd a ledge,
And on the ledge, either a buſh
With thorns and brambles, or a hedge,
Where he propos'd to make a puſh;
He thought, if he could drop down plum,
At worſt he could but loſe his bruſh,
And ſcarify his bum.

Accordingly, he had the luck
To drop into the midſt of all:
Where for ſome time he hung and ſtuck,
And, hanging, broke his fall;
But found his calculation fail,
Entirely wrong from head to tail.
The Fox was ſafe whilſt he held faſt,
But was ſo mangled, rent, and torn,
By Bramble and tenacious Thorn,
He left his hold at laſt;
Got to his journey's end, he cry'd,
With broken leg and bloody hide,
This is the way it always ends,
And ſo it ſhould, and ever will,
When one lays hold of Rogues for Friends,
Truſting their honeſty and ſkill.
If you had fallen quite from the top,
The Brambles anſwer'd one and all,
If you had never made a ſtop,
And never given us a call,
Cruſh'd all to pieces like an egg,
You would not have got off ſo well,
Nor had ſo good a tale to tell
About a broken leg.
To keep out of Oppreſſion's paw,
Oblig'd to Weſtminſter to ramble,
You lay faſt hold upon the Law,
And hang on Lawyer Thorn and Serjeant Bramble,

When you have hung on Thorns and Briers,
I mean theſe keen blood-drawing Lawyers,
And hung as long as you well could,
Think not to 'ſcape at any rate,
'Till you have left them half your blood,
And loſt a limb of your eſtate:
On this, and only this condition,
The Law may ſave you from perdition.

FABLE XXII.

HECTOR, a faithful Spaniel, ſpy'd
His nephew, by a river ſide,
A youth entirely free from guile,
Running, but never taking heed,
As if he took it for the Tweed,
And had forgot it was the Nile.
On which, with eager pace,
Hector ſet out, and gave him chace.
Prince turn'd, and aſk'd, Why all this hurry?
Fearleſs and calm when others fear,
But when there is no danger near,
My uncle's always in a flurry.
Mind, Prince, cry'd Hector, what I ſay,
You little know what traps and ſnares
You may fall into unawares,
If you run headlong in this way.

Old folks, ſaid Prince, are too ſuſpicious,
They fancy all our youthful hours
Are ſpent in riot and amours,
When they were young, they were ſo vicious:
But you muſt know I am no ſuitor;
So far from gallantry and courting,
Or running after idle ſporting,
Know, I am running to my tutor,
Whoſe wiſe and learned converſation,
Let that ſuffice for your conjecture,
I do prefer, good uncle Hector,
To all the Bitches in the nation.
That inſtant from his oozy bed,
A Crocodile put forth his ſnout,
A ſludge-wrapp'd Bonnet hid his head,
Juſt like a dirty clout.
From that unhappy day, ſaid Prince,
The fatal news came by a Hound,
You know both then and ever ſince,
We gave my mother up for drown'd.
But my good friend there in the mud
Has told me how this matter ſtood,
Which either he or I,
Will tell you, uncle, by and by.
The Cubs, my brothers, have the meaſles,
My ſiſters look as thin as Weazles;
And Doctor Curr
Declares, if they would thrive,

They muſt not even wet their furr;
Then how the devil ſhould they dive?
So I am going to fulfil,
To which you can have no objection,
My bleſſed mother's bleſſed will,
And ſtudy under her inſpection.
I was to bring her the whole Litter;
But let them ſtay till they are fitter.
Said Crocodile, there is no help;
In their condition,
I would not move a ſingle Whelp,
Unleſs they had Doctor Curr's permiſſion;
You can't conceive how we reſpect her,
Continued he, turning to Hector.
Struck with the beauty of that Dame,
As on a bank ſhe lay'd aſleep;
Our God, Anubis, came,
And hurry'd her into the deep.
Dido, ſaid he, truſt to my friend
(Our Crocodile let fall a tear),
To Pharoah, here, I recommend,
Your houſe, and all that you hold dear;
Believe me, he will ſpare no pains,
Let him alone for managing young brains.
And now, ſaid Pharoah, I am ready,
Approach, be reſolute and ſteady,
I'll ſoon convey you to your mother;

Your uncle too, 'tis worth his while,
To ſee the fountain of the Nile,
He never will ſee ſuch another.
If I had never ſeen your charms,
Your Bonnet nor your Snout at all;
I knew you by your coat of arms,
It hangs, ſaid Hector, in our hall.
I am engag'd to my great ſorrow:
Nephew, ſaid he,
Go back again to day with me,
And I'll return with you to-morrow.
Pharoah, perceiving 'twas in vain
To deal with Hector in that ſtrain,
Came forth, to Prince's great ſurprize,
Shewing his horrid coat of mail,
His dreadful jaws and wicked tail,
Without the leaſt diſguiſe.
Wheel to the left, cry'd Hector, quick;
With Crocodiles when you are dealing,
Keep them continually wheeling,
You ſoon will make them ſick.
Thus forc'd to quit the field in choler,
Pharoah return'd and loſt his ſcholar.
Beſet with fraud on ev'ry ſide,
Down from the greateſt of the great,

To thoſe who humbly walk the ſtreet,
May Youth find always ſuch a guide!
May this, I wiſh it was not fiction,
Be verify'd in their affliction!

FABLE XXIII.

THE Cavalry for cart and plough
Once on a time were much abuſed,
I mean, as badly fed and uſed,
As Aſſes now.
This dietetic alteration
Was owing partly to a peace,
And partly to the great increaſe
Of Folly in the nation.
That is, to the increaſe of Hunters,
Racers for Ladies, Pads for Bunters;
Of Routs, Aſſemblies, and of courſe,
Cuckoldom ſimple and alone;
And Cuckoldom in the *bon ton*,
Compounded with Divorce;
Which run on wheels, and ſwell th' account
Of Horſes to a vaſt amount.
By this increaſe, it was obſerved,
And from the great decreaſe of corn,
The labouring Horſe was almoſt ſtarved,
A thing not to be born;
And thereupon they all profeſs'd,

In preſence of the *houynhym* Lord,
Unleſs their wrongs were ſoon redreſs'd,
Their right and lawful feed reſtor'd,
Theſe Carters would renounce the yoak,
The plough and cart might both ſtand ſtill,
They would not move a wheel nor ſpoke
Againſt their own free will.
A headſtrong Steed
Cry'd out, with indignation fir'd,
Do as your maſters have requir'd;
Or, like vile rebels, you ſhall bleed.
Shall we be ſtinted in our Oats,
For baſe-born Cattle, ſuch as you?
Sooner we'll help to cut your throats,
Than loſe an atom of our due.
Go, ſcoundrels, pick yon Common bare,
Your freehold, and your proper fare.
Poor Grey! reply'd one of the Blacks,
This talk, methinks, is ſilly talk,
For one long us'd to drudge and walk,
And crouch, beneath a miller's ſacks.
We find in theſe degenerate days,
The beſt Pack-horſes are the Greys;
And furthermore, when we are dead,
Hung up, and puniſh'd to your mind,
The greateſt ſlaves, at laſt, you'll find,
Will be the higheſt bred.

THE END.

3 AU59

PASTORAL PUKE.

A SECOND

SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE

THE PEOPLE CALLED WHIGS.

BY AN INDEPENDENT.

Δεί̓διμεν, ἐν δοιῇ δὲ σαωσέμεν ἢ ἀπολέσθαι. HOM.

We fear, in as much as we are in doubt, whether we ſhall be ſaved or periſh.

Affatim eſt hominum, in dies qui ſingulas Eſcas edunt,
Quibus Negotii nihil eſt, qui eſum neque vocantur neque vocari,
Eos oportet Concioni dare operam. PLAUTUS MENECHMI.

To the LATIN READER.

LAMBIN, and the reſt of the Commentators upon the Author, from whom I have taken the Latin Motto for this Sermon, ſeem not to underſtand the Senſe of that Paſſage, *in dies qui ſingulas Eſcas edunt*; ſay they are thoſe, who only eat one Meal a Day; but I confeſs, I don't ſee how the eating only one Meal a Day, can prepare a Man better either for compoſing of, or attending to a Sermon. In either Caſe it ſeems to require a more than ordinary Suſtenance to ſupport ſo great a Labour: And accordingly my Author is very particular in the Regimen, which he requires to qualify People for ſuch an Office. The Meaning of the whole Paſſage I take to be as follows: There are abundance of People (in this Town) who ſit down every Day to Batchelor's Commons, without any domeſtic Care or Interruption, who have no earthly Buſineſs or Concern to call off their Attention; no Engagements at home, no Invitations from abroad. All Men, ſo prepared, are naturally qualified to become Preachers, and inſtruct others; or Auditors, and patient Receivers of Inſtruction. I am ſtill inclined to believe, that I have hit upon the true Meaning of *ſingulas Eſcas*, which I interpret the Meals of a ſingle Man, and not any Man's ſingle Meal: Becauſe I am ſenſible, that without that Circumſtance, I would have had other Employment found for me than the Taſk which I have undertaken; neither could I with any Propriety, have been called what I ſubſcribe myſelf.

An INDEPENDENT

A PASTORAL PUKE.

TEXT, Rev. Chap. III. Ver. 15, 16, 17.

I Know full well your works of old,
That you are neither cold nor hot;
Would you were either hot or cold,
Your Works of old ſhould be forgot.
You're lukewarm all, you have no Worth;
Your Ways are crooked and uncouth,
And therefore I will caſt you forth,
And ſpew you all out of my Mouth.
Becauſe you ſay that you are priz'd,
Are powerful, and in Plenty roll,
And know not, that you are deſpis'd,
Naked, and blinder than a Mole.
One need not be a deep Divine,
Nor many myſtic Books inſpect,
To ſhew; theſe Words plainly deſign
The trimming *Tepidarian* Sect;
Neither of *Zeno*'s rigid School,
Nor Pleaſure's School of Non-reſiſtance,

But of the School of an old Fool,
That doubts even his own Exiſtence;
A wav'ring, quibbling Sect, contriv'd
To free the Mind from all Preciſion,
Indoctrinated and reviv'd,
By *Hollis* the Academician:
A Sect that creeps into moſt States,
That every Man of Spirit damns;
And ev'ry honeſt Woman hates,
For their Unſteadineſs and Shams:
By whom all Princes are betray'd,
All noble Projects are defeated,
And ev'ry Widow, Wife, and Maid,
Are tantaliz'd, abus'd and cheated.
Like Huſſars they ſeem always ready;
But when the Danger's within reach,
They neither in the Field ſtand ſteady,
Nor in the Trenches, nor the Breach.
As Folly's not their greateſt Fault,
Thro' dirtier Paths than her's they've trudged,
You may obſerve, if you will halt,
How mercifully they are judged.
No Fines, no Priſon—Tribulation,
No Loſs of Members, to afflict them,
Only for qualms which they occaſion,
Spew'd out like *Vinum Benedictum.*
Or to come nearer to the Matter,
When acid Crudities rebuke,

Taken and ſwallow'd like warm Water,
Tho' merely to provoke a Puke.
So ſome of you were for a Seaſon,
When your four Brethren caus'd great Pain,
Swallow'd, for no other Reaſon,
Than to diſgorge you both again.
Better diſcharge the peccant Acid,
For tho' their Mixture ſhould create
A Neutral, innocent and placid,
A Neutral's always a dead Weight.
Better to clear them both away,
Than leave them wambling in the Guts,
Windy and * flatulent as Whey,
And *indigeſtible* as Nuts.
I've run the Metaphor quite through,
And taken as much Pains as Ten Men,

* Flatulent as Whey] *Rapin* tells us, that the *Scotch* firſt of all called them *Whigs*, from *Whig*, a Liquor in that Country, which he tranſlates *Lait Aigre*, ſour Milk or Butter-milk. But he is miſtaken, as Mr. *Johnſon* judiciouſly obſerves in his Diſtinction of the Word *Whig* into its ſimple and figurative Senſe.

1. WHIG—WHEY.
2. A FACTION. *See* Johnſon's *Dictionary in* WHIG.

I cannot forbear in this Place acknowledging the Obligation we are under to Mr. *Johnſon*, for extending the Benefits of the Union to the Two Languages. I hope in the next Edition he will be able to lay aſide invidious Diſtinctions, and make a compleat *Britiſh* Dictionary.

To ſhew how beautifully true
The Figures are of ſacred Penmen.
And now the Trimmer ſhall be try'd,
If guilty, by St. *John*'s Deciſion,
Let an Emetic be apply'd,
Let him be ſpew'd out with Deriſion.
Firſt then I'll ſearch, nay never wince,
The Trimmer's Conduct quite thro' Life,
To God, his Country, and his Prince,
His Neighbour, Family, and Wife.
Then by my Text, in all theſe Caſes,
You'll ſee their Condemnation ſeal'd,
And ſee, they ought to loſe their Places,
Although it had not been reveal'd.
Concerning Heaven, and Heaven's Vicegerent,
I'll touch upon the firſt but ſlightly;
Yet they are ſubjects ſo coherent,
One cannot ſeparate them rightly.
G—D and the K—G, we're told are jealous,
Tho' none can do them any Harm,
Which muſt make pious People zealous,
And loyal People very warm.
We ſee enough in a dim Light
To love and honour theſe high Powers,
With all our Hearts and all our Might,
Both for their own Sakes and for ours.
We can do them no Good, we know,
But, they can puniſh us, you own,

Therefore our Thanks at leaſt we owe,
Ev'n for letting us alone.
Inſtead of ſeaſonable Weather,
If we had always Snow and Hail;
Or wooden Shoes inſtead of Leather;
Or Vinegar inſtead of Ale;
If we had always Snow and Hail;
Or wooden Shoes inſtead of Leather;
Or Vinegar inſtead of Ale;
If we were worn to Skin and Bone,
Driven and beaten like an Aſs,
For Bread preſented with a Stone
And for roaſt Beef a little Graſs;
As Fortune's not in our Diſpoſal,
We ought, inſtead of taking Pet,
To make the beſt of the Propoſal,
If 'tis the beſt that we can get.
Theſe Things befal many a Land,
In many more may be appointed,
They come like Earthquakes out of hand,
If it pleaſe G—D and G—D's Anointed.
What could we either do or ſay?
Why ſhould we pout, and ſhew our Malice?
Rather why ſhould not we be gay,
Like Frenchmen dancing in the Gallies?
This is the Argument in *France*,
" 'Tis not the worſt that cou'd arrive,
" We have ſufficient Cauſe to dance,
" Becauſe we are not flea'd alive.

Reaſons as fine, as Head can ſpin,
I from the Stoic School could quote,
To prove that pulling off your Skin
Is juſt like pulling off your Coat.
But as the *Cynic* left his Stool,
To confute thoſe that deny'd Motion,
Theſe of the Gally-*Gallick* School,
Dance to confute the Stoic's Notion.
How diff'rent is our Fate from theirs!
But we are fill'd with all good Things:
Becauſe we're fervent in our Prayers,
And more obedient to our Kings:
That they confide in our Intentions,
From their Forbearance we may draw
Heaven leaves Us to our own Inventions,
And the K—G leaves Us to the Law.
The beſt of Whigs in either Duty
Is cold as Ice, I own with Grief,
Of Holineſs the greateſt Beauty,
The greateſt Toaſt's a Tory Chief.
Whilſt like a Highland Chief intrepid,
He ſticks at nought for a good Cauſe;
The Trimmer moves on dull and tepid,
Like muggy Weather when it thaws,
All his Devotion's faint and flat,
He looks at Court, ev'n in the Ring,
Juſt as indiff'rent as a Cat,
When a Cat's looking at a King.

St. *John* of *Patmos* tells a Story,
When he was there on his Devotions,
I do believe, he was a Tory,
He is ſo warm in all his Notions.
An Angel, that was ſtanding by,
And heard the Zeal, that *John* profeſs'd,
Conceiving Doubts reſolv'd to try,
And put his Mettle to the Teſt.
He had been watching there incog.
And could not think he was ſincere,
John was ſo ill-a-looking Dog,
With ſo inſidious a Leer.
The Angel ſuddenly diſplay'd
His Plumage, bright with heav'nly Lights,
John ſeem'd not in the leaſt diſmay'd,
He was accuſtom'd to ſuch Sights.
John, ſaid the Angel by your Mien
I know your Wants, before you ſpeak,
You look as hungry and as lean,
As if you'd faſted for a Week.
Why crawl upon your Knees, and flatter,
Sing Pſalms and Hymns, and prap and watch?
A Pſalm, by way of growing fatter,
Has no more Virtue than a Catch.
Behold, I bring you a great Treat,
Why don't you ſay ſo, when you're needy?
Reſtorative and juicy Meat,
So take your Time, and be not greedy.

Eat, ſaid the Angel, never ſpare,
And tell me, how you like the Cook?
Would you believe? the Angel's Fare
Was nothing but a little Book.
John ſeiz'd the Book with eager Haſte,
His Faith converted it to Jelly,
Sweeter than Honey to the Taſte,
A grateful Bitter to the Belly.
Well haſt thou done, the Angel cry'd,
Of thee there is no farther Queſtion;
For thy Obedience has been try'd,
And yields to nought but thy Digeſtion.
This is a Type and a true Symbol
Of unconditional Submiſſion,
To rouze you like a brazen Tymbal,
From a lethargic Oppoſition;
To arm yourſelves with Faith completely,
On ſhuffling Doubts boldly to trample,
In every Point ſubmitting meetly,
And following St. *John*'s Example.
What had he gain'd by Unbelief?
Could not an Angel, if he would,
Change a Book either into Beef,
Or into any Kind of Food?
If *John* had doubted but in Thought,
The Angel might have been provok'd;
He might have cramm'd it down his Throat,
And *John* perhaps might have been choak'd.

Whereas by taking it for granted,
And by his dutiful Behaviour,
John fill'd his Belly, which he wanted,
And eat himſelf into great Favour.
I ſhould be glad, in ſuch a Caſe,
To ſee a Whig, how he'd behave;
And to behold a Trimmer's Face,
How he would ſet about to ſhave.
The Whig would view the Book with Rage,
To ſee him would divert the Trimmer,
He would not eat a ſingle Page,
Tho' 'twas no bigger than a Primer.
A little Book! and what of that?
I will not ſwallow it I ſwear,
'Tis againſt *Magna Charta* flat,
As *Glynn* and *Pratt* will both declare.
Eat it! By all that's good not I,
Be it no bigger than a Pill;
I'll tell you how far I'll comply,
My Breech may eat it, if it will.
The Trimmer would appear reſerv'd,
And beg to be allow'd to ſpeak;
That every one muſt have obſerv'd,
His Stomach was but very weak;
His Faith was ſtrong as Heart could wiſh,
And he believed the Book inſpired;
That he would vote it Fleſh or Fiſh,
Or vote it both, if 'twas requir'd.

Like *Dutchmen*, poſitive and bold,
The Whigs are a rude Churliſh Faction,
Tho' naturally ſlow and cold,
They may be work'd up into Action.
Like Mules, not apt to loſe their Feet,
O'er Precipices ſafe and able;
A Trimmer is that made-up Cheat;
A Horſe out of a Dealer's Stable.
The firſt their Views confin'd by Blinds,
By Bells amus'd, and kept from ſleeping,
May be made ſerviceable Hinds,
The latter will not pay their keeping.
O for a Tory Generation!
Generous Hunters, true-bred Racers!
Even a muliſh Congregation,
Is better than our trimming Pacers.
We'll now examine other Facts,
And try, whether we can deduce,
From any of the Trimmer's Acts,
That he's of any Kind of Uſe.
But to proceed by that ſtrict Plan
To which both you and I are ty'd,
His Country's the next Point to ſcan,
And how he ſerves it you'll decide.
Before Folks talk of being firm,
And dying for their Country's Good,
It would be proper, that the Term,
Our Country ſhould be underſtood.

Country's a general Term; like Wine,
Implying various Kinds of Drink,
'Tis not ſo eaſy to define,
As ſome unthinking People think.
Wine with the Chaplain ſtands for Port,
French Wines the Patriot's Veins repleniſh,
Tokay, perhaps, means Wine at Court,
Perhaps Wine there means nought but Rheniſh.
Give us our daily Bread we pray,
For this we pray, and we pray right,
But tho' we ſay all the ſame Way,
Some mean brown Bread, and ſome mean white.
Others extend it beyond Bounds,
Terms are ſo difficult to fix,
The Squire takes in his Pack of Hounds,
His Wife includes her Coach and Six.
So *Country* in remoter Climes
Has many various Acceptations,
The Senſe oft varies with the Times,
And oftener with Situations.
In *Switzerland*, (they're in the Right)
Country means there both poor and rich,
In *Rome* a Beldame, an old Fright,
The Vulgar take her for a Witch.
In Portugal 'tis Fire and Faggot,
In France a Salique Conſtitution,
In England quite an Engliſh Maggot,
Country means there, the *Revolution*.

Tho' the beſt Engliſhmen on Earth
Be for the Revolution hearty,
Yet the Whigs muſt excite one's Mirth,
When they confine it to their Party.
Whilſt theirs ſeems to be plann'd in Spite,
Excluſive, like the Iriſh Pale,
The Revolution Cocobite,
Plans his upon the largeſt Scale.
Try then the Trimmer by ſome Plan,
By either of the Revolutions,
The Trimmer's ſtill the lukewarm Man,
Always for tepid Conſtitutions.
Their Country's like a Screen you'll find,
Which having plac'd as they deſire,
They ſit down cool, retir'd behind,
And never mind the hotteſt Fire.
If they can only ſlip between,
And get a ſafe and pleaſant Seat,
They have no Bowels for the Screen,
Melting and overcome with Heat.
The Country, that ſome Tories mention,
For which they combat Tooth and Nail,
Is but a Country of Invention,
Like Plato's or a Fairy Tale.
" When righteous Magi fill the Throne,
" Say they, and yet they're not in Jeſt,
" That which depends on One alone,
" Sure of all Countries is the beſt.

Grant the firſt Step, 'tis all they need,
The School will prove by Rules of Art,
That * *Caco-Magus*, and his Seed,
Were Monarchs after G—D's own Heart.
Naturaliſts will undertake
To ſhew by Arguments of Force,
That from the Nature of his Make,
An Unicorn excels a Horſe.
Beſides the Advantages of Strength,
Of Swiftneſs, and acuter Senſe,
He has a Horn of mighty Length,
Both for Attacking and Defence.

* *Caco-Magus*, ſo called, ſome People fancy from Κακος. I wiſh it had been ſo, this Paſſage of my Sermon would have been more brilliant on that Account, by the Oppoſition of an evil *Magus* to a righteous one; but I will not hunt for Glory at the Expence of Truth, whatever (encouraged by the Example of my Betters) I may do for Profit. I am therefore obliged to confeſs, that he was called *Caco-Magus*, *a cacando*, a Habit of Body, that he contracted by the Terrors incident to thoſe Kind of Studies in which he was engaged his whole Life. *Caco-Magus* was a ſucceſſor to *Simon Magus*; whoſe Tenets he maintained in a Book that he wrote, called *Dæmonology*.—The Manuſcript of which Book is ſtill extant amongſt the invaluable Curioſities of the *Bodleian* Collection.

This Point you'll probably diſpute,
Not give up readily at leaſt,
A generous and uſeful Brute,
For an unprofitable Beaſt.
If you keep wrangling, I can't tell
How long ſuch a Diſpute may laſt;
But at the laſt I know full well,
You and your Horſe will both ſtick faſt.
Keep to one Point, or by and by
You'll give up all, if he perſiſts,
Your only Way is to deny
That ſuch an Animal exiſts.
So in that Propoſition quoted,
"When juſt and righteous Magi reign,"
You'll be out-talk'd, and far out-voted
If you will talk in their own Strain.
One weighty Word, when they're moſt ſtiff,
Knocks down abſurd and noiſy Men,
The Spartans ſilenced them with If,
And you may ſilence them with When.
My Tory is not ſuch a Sot,
As he'll convince you more and more,
That is, when you are gone to Pot,
When you're ſpew'd out, but not before.
Don't you remember Lady Anne,
How he ador'd her for a Time,
And how his Love at firſt began,
Long after ſhe was paſt her Prime?

Did not he now proteſt and ſwear,
And call'd to witneſs Gods and Men?
Then was not Anna all his Care?
What Country did he care for then?
Yet when he got his wicked Will,
How often did he wiſh her dead?
How often try'd his utmoſt ſkill
To get another in her ſtead?
From this you cannot well infer,
That my good Friend was falſe or knaviſh;
For to be always ty'd to her,
And always courting, was too ſlaviſh.
It is high Time to view the Trimmer,
In his Relation to his Neighbour,
Where, in one Senſe he's like a Swimmer,
That ſwims with conſtant Fear and Labour.
In limpid ſhallow Pools he keeps,
But if by Chance he be miſtaken,
And plunge ſometimes into the Deeps,
His Skill and Labour ſaves his Bacon.
Suppoſe his Friend by following him
Plunges into the ſame Miſtake,
Altho' he knows his Friend can't ſwim,
He'll hazard nothing for his Sake.
Nay, tho' arriv'd juſt to the Brink,
Deaf to Remorſe, Pity and Pride,
He'll ſee him ſtruggle till he ſink,
And ſee him periſh by his Side.

Who in this Picture can't behold,
If he has Feeling, and attends,
Poor Wilkes too credulous and bold,
Deſerted by his trimming Friends?
Suppoſe a Tory leads a Brother
Into much ſuch another Scrape;
I only mean much ſuch another,
As to the ſuffocating Shape.
Let any of you for a while,
Fancy himſelf this leading Tory,
Practiſed in every Tory Wile,
Up to the Ears in Love with Glory;
You ſhall face Death with as much Eaſe,
As Philip's Son that's dead and gone,
So chuſe what Tory Friend you pleaſe,
Or for the Pun's Sake, chuſe Sir John.
Would you leave Sir John P——s ſo,
Dangling for carrion Birds to batten?
No, tho' to Heaven you would not go
With Wilkes, you'd go with him to Satan.
Even the Whigs, that do diſclaim,
And look on Friendſhip as a Sin,
Have always felt a little Shame
For leaving thoſe that they draw in.
Inſenſible they are and dry,
Yet I don't doubt, but it would ſhock,
And wring a Tear from a Whig's Eye
To ſee Pratt's Head upon a Block.

You'll ſay, I know, what do you prove,
  Nothing at all, as yet we hope,
But that like you, we're not in Love
  Either with Drowning or a Rope?
Ah! wriggling Rogues, I'll hold you faſt,
  Spite of your Twiſts and ſlippery Tails,
Wriggling is out of Date and paſt,
  Now nought but downright Strength prevails.
But for this once my hold I'll looſe,
  I'll grant, you're not oblig'd to dive,
Nor run your Necks into a Nooſe
  For any Friend dead or alive.
But will it follow, or be granted,
  That you are active, warm or briſk,
Ready, whenever you are wanted,
  When there is neither Harm nor Riſque?
This is the leaſt, that ought to follow;
  Yet thoſe, that try'd you, have confeſt,
That for the moſt part you are hollow,
  Lukewarm, and languid at the beſt.
How often have you bit the Whigs,
  Too cold to bite, like many others,
How often have the City-Prigs
  Taken, the Whigs, and you for Brothers?
By you was artleſs *Holland* bubbled,
  And * the Three Virtues baſely trick'd,

* *The Three Virtues.*] Formerly there were more Virtues, but it has been thought proper of late to reduce

Jure Divino ſorely troubled,
And all the Tories fairly nick'd.
Relying on your treacherous Aid,
Their certain Ruin we foreſaw,
Happ'ly your Malice was delay'd
By *Fabius*, and his *Fabian* Law.
And after this can you ſuppoſe,
That all your lukewarm Tribe remaining
Will not be forc'd with the next Doſe
To come away without much ſtraining?
It makes the Tears run down my Cheeks,
When I contemplate; or but mention,
And contraſt with a Trimmer's Freaks
A Tory's Friendſhip and Attention.

them to the Number of the Graces. The Three Virtues now eſtabliſhed are Oeconomy, Temperance and Chaſtity. They are believed to be ſufficient for all wiſe Purpoſes, and certainly are as many as we can well manage. I have ſeen a Medal, upon the Reverſe of which are theſe Three Virtues in a Bas-relief placed over the Gate-way of a Gothic Building: They are dancing, and linked Hand in Hand, but not naked like the Graces; for Virtue ſhould not be oſtentatious. There is alſo this Difference between them, that the Figures of the Virtues are bold and maſculine, it being as neceſſary to repreſent Virtue in the Character of Vigour and Activity, as to repreſent Grace in the Character of Elegance and Softneſs. Over their Heads are theſe Three Letters H. S. G. which I am told ſignify, *Hic Sitæ Gaudent*, a Legend, that ſeems to be borrowed

There is not one, but does comply
With Horace's kind Invitation
To view his Friend, not like a Spy,
But with a Lover's Faſcination.
That does not, like th' enamour'd Swain,
Hang on each Blemiſh a Love-knot,
Believe, and fervently maintain
A Wen to be a Beauty Spot.
Be his Friend heavier than Lead,
His Thoughts are deep, tho' not quite clear,
He has a calculating Head,
Trade, or the Treaſury's his Sphere.
If he's abſurd, loud, and loquacious,
Let him but ſpeak, he'll be in vogue,
His Eloquence, far from ungracious,
Is but a kind of mental Brogue;
An Eloquence, that wants a Name,
But may have ſome Affinity;
For what we know may be the ſame
With Livy's Patavinity.
If he's a ſneaking, ſervile Wight,
His gentle Nature wins their Hearts,

from the Inſcription over her Majeſty's Houſe, *Hic Siti Lætantur Lares*. Tho' the Board of Works has thought proper to pull down that Inſcription, yet we ſee no Reaſon, why the *Lares* may not be as merry now, as in the late Poſſeſſor's Time.

If he can neither read nor write,
He truſts with Juſtice to his Parts.
Accordingly when you're diſgraced,
When they enjoy, what you enjoy'd,
Every Tory will be placed
Juſt as he ought to be employ'd.
The Secretaries, you are ſure,
Active and drudging like two Diggers,
And for the Treaſury, they'll procure
Men that ſhall make prodigious Figures.
From Owl-light, led thro' dubious Ways,
Worſe than in utter Darkneſs caſt,
We ſhall emerge into bright Days,
And go on ſwimmingly at laſt.
But not to lengthen out the Seſſions,
His Wife and Family come next,
For whom his tendereſt Impreſſions
Are ſtill, according to my Text.
Children, he thinks no more in fact,
Than Debts of Nature's Impoſition;
Wives are thoſe Debts, that we contract,
In Spite of Nature's Admonition.
Therefore he'd grieve no more to ſee,
All of them in their Coffins laid,
Than you to ſee your Mortgagee
Give up your Deeds, with all Debts paid.
What muſt needs follow, you'll conceive,
That neither would his Wife grow thinner,
His Son complain, or Daughter grieve,

To ſee him give the Crows a Dinner.
Two roſy Cheeks do not make Health,
Nor Gold and Silver make Folks wealthy;
Some without either have great Wealth,
And with unhealthful Looks are healthy.
Dine with the Trimmer at his Villa,
And after ſup with him in Town,
You cannot well ſuppoſe his Pillow
Is ſtuff'd with any Thing but Down:
Eſpecially if you conſider
His Wife's not there to make it harder;
'Twould avail little to forbid her,
Therefore the Trimmer ſhall diſcard her.
* *Tully*, the greateſt Trimmer known,
And *Quintus* too, both trimm'd with Horns,
Declare, that till they laid alone,
They envied thoſe that laid on Thorns.
Unmarry'd, in a Truckle Bed,
Lay me, ſays *Quintus*, with one Blanket,
In Peace I will lay down my Head,
And every Night ſay G—D be thanked.
The Trimmer, farther to ſecure him,
Shall have his Miſs under the Roſe;
Alas, what Bliſs can ſhe procure him,
Half ſo good for him as Repoſe!

* *A ducendâ Uxore ſic abhorret, ut Libero Lectulo neget eſſe quidquam jucundius.*—Speaking of his Brother, after he had parted with his Wife, who was Siſter to the famous Trimmer *Atticus*. *Ep. ad Att. L.* 14. *Ep.* 13.

He can perform with Moderation,
  The higheſt Pitch of high Enjoyment;
Juſt like a Game of Meditation,
  That's half a Pleaſure, half Employment.
So, notwithſtanding this Prevention,
  Be you aſſured, inſtead of Reſt,
He's torturing his poor Invention,
  And diſcompoſing all his Neſt.
All his Affairs are gone aſtray,
  His Lands engag'd, his Foreſts groan,
His Credit taken Wings, they ſay,
  And with his Caſh to *Bath* is flown.
* His Son is running him at *Arthur*'s,
  His Servants robbing him below,
His Wife and Daughter catching Tartars,
  And both intriguing at *Soho*.

* *His Son is running him*—] A new Sport diſcovered by the Gentlemen of that Univerſity. It is made up of a pleaſant Combination of Horſe-races and Cock-fights. As *Caeſar* ſaid to a Man that was haranguing him, "If you mean to ſing, you are only declaiming; but if you intend to declaim, you are undoubtedly ſinging:" ſo you may ſay of this Diverſion, that if they call it Running, it is as like Fighting; but if they will have it to be Fighting, then it is more like Running.—The Method is this: They run or fight a Whig or a Trimmer, againſt a Cocobite or a Tory; or they make a Subſcription Match, every Subſcriber producing his Cock-horſe, and this may be called a Sweep-Stakes Battle.

But let us ſhift theſe Scenes of Vice,
And leave the Trimmer to his Fate;
Lo, I will ſhew you Paradiſe,
A Tory on his own Eſtate.
See thoſe vaſt Monuments of Yew!
Superb Remains of Tory Reigns!
Wonders like thoſe the Arabs view,
Scouring Palmyra's ſandy Plains.
Behind, down in that Bottom look,
Attended by tall Pines in Files,
Cloſe by the Willow-wedded Brook,
See the old Manſion, how it ſmiles!
Enter the lofty Hall, quite lin'd
With Helmets, Halberts, Pikes and Guns,
Where James the Firſt by Chance once din'd,
And left a Brace of Latin Puns.
Open, ye everlaſting Doors!
Yon folding Doors at once diſcloſe,
Black Oaken Wainſcot, black Oak Floors,
And Roofs with many an antique Roſe.
See Birds and Beaſts play round the Pannels,
Such as the Gothic Chiſſel breeds,
Thoſe Windows are the only Annals
Of all his great Forefathers' Deeds!
Without purſuing mouldy Pages,
You've nothing farther to diſcuſs,
But to obſerve how many Stages
He has paſs'd thro' to come to Us:

There you may ſee, where he ſets out
  Blazon'd by Heraldry profound,
And how, continuing his Route,
  Here he is landed ſafe and ſound.
In the great Dining Room, behold,
  Hanging diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
In gaudy Frames of burniſh'd Gold,
  Three Portraits faſhionably dreſt.
That in the Middle, an old Beau,
  Who ſeems to be worn out with Sin;
I know not; but, I think I know
  Sir John, and Watkin Williams Wynne.
Mark the old Butler on this head,
  His Son, ſays he, with Accent ſad,
Hangs above Stairs by Miſs's Bed,
  A ſweet young Gentleman in Plaid.
Step to the Buttery, there review
  His houſhold Troops, a faithful Corps,
In Regimentals of true Blue,
  Their Heads with Service ſilver'd o'er.
Then to the Kitchen we'll repair,
  But drink his Health firſt in Strong Beer,
Heavens, what an hoſpitable Air!
  What a Profuſion of good Cheer!
What Looks of Happineſs and Eaſe!
  What Joy appears, when he ſeems gay!
And yet, excepting caſual Fees,
  Long have they ſerv'd him without Pay.

All earthly Bleſſings here abound,
And multiply *Jure divino*,
Juſt as in Paradiſe they're found,
Without a Sous of Ready Rino.
In his meek Spouſe ſupremely happy,
His Heir the loveliеſt of Swains,
With Punch deterſive, and ſmooth Nappy,
He waſhes out his Daughter's Stains.
Rachel his Wife with ſavoury Meat
Regales her patriarchal Lord;
Young Jacob with unweary'd Feet,
Covers with Game old Jacob's Board.
Here I could wander for a Week,
So much old Jacob I admire,
Did not your frequent Yawns beſpeak
Your Inclination to retire.
I ſhall add very little more,
Juſt ſhew you how St. John enlarges,
How to inflame the Trimmer's Score,
He throws in Two or Three more Charges.
" You cry, we've all that Man can crave,
" No, you are wretched, weak, and poor,
" As naked as a Negro Slave,
" As much neglected as a Boor.
" Whilſt for wiſe Serpents you would paſs,
" 'Tis by that Wiſdom you're undone;
" Like blind Worms trod by Ox and Aſs,
" As they lye baſking in the Sun."

Theſe Words, or Words to this Effect,
Are in my Text, for 'tis no Merit,
Or rather 'tis a great Defect,
To ſtick to Words and loſe their Spirit.
And thus beyond all Contradiction,
Your guilt is manifeſt and glaring;
And, to my Sorrow and Affliction,
Your Trimming now is grown paſt bearing.
Expect no Favour, no Remiſſion,
Hear me, ye Trimmers, great and ſmall,
By Virtue of St. John's Commiſſion,
I do condemn you one and all.
Prepare yourſelves for Execution,
When the Evacuation's o'er,
Like Jonas, take a Reſolution,
Reſolve to be ſpew'd out no more.

E N D.

TWO LYRIC EPISTLES:

OR, MARGERY THE COOK-MAID.

TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

I write a ſad Hand but my Siſter Margery ſhe writes a better.

BY the backſide!* good lack, good lack!
Chain'd to the chimney corner like a monkey,
You are as ſpiteful as a black;
That has been drinking drink for drunky.

I think I ſee my maſter leap and ſkip;
And whiſk about his tail;
Juſt like a pinnace when ſhe makes a trip,
And whiſks about her ſail.

* Vide CRITICAL REVIEW for December 1761. Article, fables for grown gentlemen.

P. 461. If the *poor Highlander's backſide*, be bound in chains, we think he has ſome reaſon to complain. If the author himſelf was like a monkey chained to the chimney corner by the backſide, he might afford ſome diverſion to Margery the cook-maid; but it is to be ſuppoſed he would not much reliſh the reſtraint.

So have I ſeen a highlander retire
And turn about to court the wind,
Shot by a cinder leaping from the fire
Amongſt his precious parts behind.

Laugh! no he need not be afraid,
Though 'twould be comical no doubt:
To ſee him ſquatting like a maid;
And making water like a ſpout.

But I ſhould laugh at you reviewers,
If I could view your buttocks bare,
Genteelly truſs'd and pink'd with ſkewers,
And nicely larded like a hare.

Nay I could wiſh,
To ſee your backſides ſing'd and flead,
Juſt like your favourite diſh,
A ſinged hede:
To ſmell them ſavoury and reeky
Like Cocky Leaky.

And as your cook at a ſmith's forge,
Gives the fine flavour of the wool,
To a ſheep's ſkull,
Which makes you eat 'till you regorge;

So, the communication is ſo great,
Between your brains and your backſide,
Between the ſeat
Of lazineſs and ſeat of pride.

That tho' the brains of all you jokers,
Never ſtruck fire into a ſingle joke,
Yet if your bums were ſing'd with pokers,
Your brains perhaps, might yield a little ſmoke.

Spite of your heavy jokes,
That fall upon the head;
Like apoplectic ſtrokes,
Or pigs of lead.

We'll laugh, to ſee your highland ſparks,
Your highland breeding, and good manners,
To ſee them, ſtrut about the parks,
With ſhirts diſplay'd behind, like banners.

Shewing our maids, and modeſt wives,
Such modeſt ſights,
As make their huſbands, weary of their lives,
They make them paſs ſuch reſtleſs nights.

Our lovers ſicken, and deſpair,
Dejection preys upon our beaux;
The expectations of our fair,
Are rais'd ſo highly by ſuch ſhows.

The Indians I'm told, are more polite,
They don't produce their brawny powers,
They only ſhew their powers by candle light,
Amongſt their favourite ſquaws, at certain hours.

Good ſirs, if I aright can read,
You are deſign'd for books,
Juſt as your friends, beyond the Tweed,
For gardeners and cooks.

Your pride, and lazineſs I gueſs,
Diſorder and torment your minds,
And bring your country to diſtreſs,
For want of labourers and hinds.

I think like you, it is a ſhame,
That its beſt blood ſhould now be bleeding;
And blame
The government, for ſuch proceeding.

I would have ſent the very worſt,
I would have ſent you all a packing;
You ſhould have gone, the very firſt,
You're good enough, for a good thwacking.

But I am weary of inditing,
Such letters;
And ſo I take my leave of writing,
And leave you to my betters.

EPISTLE THE SECOND.

YOU who aſſemble in diſguiſe,
And take your ſtands in ſecret places,
Spitting into our mouths and eyes,
With a pretence to waſh our faces!

But when you ſpy a Scotchman walking,
His air and manner is ſo pleaſing,
That you immediately leave hawking,
And offer him a peckle of your ſneeſing.

I do not want to rob you of your ſnuff,
Give it your countrymen, it likes me well,
But do not fright us, like Macduff,
Calling aloud, to ring the alarum bell;
Suſpend your purulence, ſwallow your ſpittle,
And liſten to an Engliſhman a little.

You know you ſpit at us, and hawk and cough,
As if you had a charter,
And alſo know we wipe it meekly off,
Like Charles the bleſſed martyr.

Whilſt you go on abuſe and rail,
As if we were not fellow creatures,
Laying about you like a flail,
And bruiſing all our Engliſh features:

If we poor Engliſhmen but ſmile,
It is high treaſon,
Tho' we are ſmiling all the while,
Both with good nature and good reaſon,

Not throwing dirt at a whole nation *
But laughing at the folly of a few,
Whoſe prejudice and affectation
Become them juſt as they do you.

As if they were a choſen race,
Clear and exempted by their birth;
From all the vices that diſgrace,
All other children of the earth.

I very readily excuſe,
Your want of complaiſance
To my ſtrange muſe,
Dreſs'd in the careleſs dreſs of France,
A la Fontaine
A ſlattern but quite plain.

* According to the reviewers the greateſt pleaſure that the whole Engliſh nation enjoys, is to ſee their brethren of North Britain in their theatres, repreſented as a parcel of ſcoundrels.

According to your notions,
You muſt diſlike the flimſy wench;
Her dreſs and all her motions
Are ſo intolerably French;
* A graceleſs copy of a graceleſs hobler,
Juſt like a gouty ſhoe made by a cobler.

You think the bagpipe's notes are ſweeter
Than any pipe or any ſtring;
The aſs preferr'd the cuckow's ſong and metre,
To all the warblers of the ſpring,
Either the organs or the ſoul
Of you and aſſes are ſo drole. †

Your ignorance and want of Senſe
Your want of ears I do forgive;
But unprovok'd malevolence,
I'll never pardon whilſt I live,
Such your attempt to prove me to the North
A foe to its acknowledg'd worth.

In every country I deſpiſe
A heart that's arrogant and narrow,
As much as I eſteem and prize
David Hume and David's marrow.

* The reviewers ſay that the verſes in the fables for grown gentlemen hobble ſtrangely, from fourteen to two ſyllables: that may partly be owing to their want of ears; they muſt have the ſame objection to Fontaine.

† Lyric epiſtles to the reviewers.

Now to conclude,
I am yours reviewing or review'd.

But as my fables are not to your liking,
Witneſs the fable of laſt year, *
I ſend you ſomething that's more ſtriking
Conciſe and clear.
I think you call it in your brogue
An apologue.

THE APOLOGUE.

SOME folks get no more by their reading
And meditations;
Than apes and monkeys by their breeding
And obſervations:
This I agree,
May be apply'd either to you or me.

The fable that comes after,
Can only be apply'd to you,
If it excites a little laughter,
It anſwers all my view.

An ape by trade an imitator,
Had ſpent the beſt part of his days,

* The aſs, the cuckow and the lark.

Like a reviewer or tranſlator
Of farces, interludes and plays,
For ever copying and itching
To ſhew his talents in the kitchen.

He would divert you if you were not nice,
And difficult to pleaſe
By cracking lice,
And catching fleas;
Which he would chaw,
And cram into a kitten's maw.

In ſhort,
Jacko had ſtudy'd many a trick,
Which tricks, inſtead of making ſport,
Would oft'ner make you ſick:
Yet he would make you, now and then,
Laugh like the fooliſheſt of men.

The cook-maid by the fire was faſt aſleep,
No kind of harm ſuſpecting,
Jacko the ape was playing at bopeep,
Reviewing and reflecting,
Whether from liquor or from whim,
The cook-maid laid in a ſtrange trim.

Hard by a raſor left upon a chair,
By Jackanapes was quickly ſeiz'd,

The cook-maid's beard expos'd and bare,
The grinning villain rub'd and greas'd;
Then ſnap'd his fingers and look'd grave,
Flouriſh'd his raſor and began to ſhave.

Jacko proceeded, without dread,
Chatter'd and did not care a fig;
Poor Margery was hack'd, and bled
Like an aſſaſſinated pig.

Rous'd by her pains like frantic ſleepers,
She ſnatch'd a pan of boiling broth,
Bubbling and running o'er with froth,
And threw it into Jacko's peepers:
Which blinded him and ſpoil'd him, paſt all cure,
Both for a ſhaver and reviewer.

A LYRIC EPISTLE
TO MY COUSIN SHANDY ON HIS COMING TO TOWN.

BY THE SAME.

DEAR SHANDY,

YOU know there goes a tale,
How Jonas went aboard a whale,
Once for a frolic,
And how the whale ſet ſail
With a fair gale,
And got the cholic;
And after a great ſplutter
Spew'd him up upon the coaſt
Juſt like a woodcock on a toaſt
With trail and butter.
I ſhould have thought him much to blame
Had he gone back the way he came.
So when you're over head and ears in debt,
You'll fume and fret;
When once you're wip'd clean, if you preſume,
To plunge yourſelf again, fret on and fume.
So when a man has loſt his wife
He makes a pother,
But he deſerves to loſe his life,
If he will venture on another.
So when a miſs juſt enters on her teens
She makes a coil,

Becauſe ſhe knows not what ſhe means
—You loſe your labour and your oyl.
But by and bye,
After you have taken your degrees,
If you will try,
You'll be inſtall'd with eaſe,
And you may take a flight
Upright,
Like me,
And drop like Icarus into a vacant ſea.
And ſo, becauſe compariſons are odious,
Pray tell me plain,
Whether the theatre in Drury-lane,
Or that of York is moſt commodious;
And to oblige you,
I'll tell you a ſtory of Elijah.
As he was walking by a wood in ſober ſadneſs,
Cloſe by a mob of children ſtood,
Commenting on his ſober mood,
And taking it for madneſs;
In their opinions,
They hung together juſt like onions,
And back'd them like ſuch ſort of folks,
With a few ſtones, and a few jokes:
Till weary of their pelting and their prattle,
He order'd out his bears to battle,
It was delightful fun,
To ſee them run
And eat up the young cattle.

Now had Elijah chang'd the ſcene,
From thinking and walking
To drinking and talking,
Or any pleaſant ſituation,
It would have cur'd the ſpleen,
And ſav'd a lapidation.

Your affectionate couſin,

ANTONY SHANDY.

AN EPISTLE TO THE GROWN GENTLEWOMEN, THE MISSES OF ****

BY THE SAME.

La muſica et gli abiti ſono della vagha invencione di Bartolomeo Cogliane, poeta lirico et virtuoſo della camera della ſua excellenza la Signora Conteſſa **** procuratrice di San Giacomo.

LADIES, I love you dearly,
And for a proof I ſend this letter;
To deal with you ſincerely,
I dare not offer any better.
Many of your Mamas
Would look upon it as a ſin,
Becauſe
They and their daughters are ſo near akin,
It would be wading both through thick and thin.
Time alſo, the beſt tutor of all others,
Has open'd my deluded eyes;
I have made fools enow amongſt your mothers,
I wiſh it was as eaſy to make you wiſe.
This, ſays Miſs Notable, is poſitive grimace'
He thinks to rub the mould off an old face,
By being ſmart and ſly;

Juſt as a houſewife thinks you'll eat,
Her fuſty meat
When it is ſeaſon'd in a pye.
Miſs Notable, you are a cynic,
And though in Greek it means a bitch,
I only mean you are a mimic,
When you ſet up to be a witch.
Can you imagine me ſo queer
An engineer
To think of making my advances
By fancies?
I know that an approach is made
Sideways and by inſinuation;
I know my trade,
But not by a rhetorical
Or metaphorical
Or verbal diſputation;
But by a real zig-zag operation.
I would as ſoon attempt to take a city
With ſugar plumbs
Inſtead of bombs,
As take a miſs by being witty;
Or to take you,
When you're in cue
To romp and grapple,
Like Eve,
Taking you only by the ſleeve,
And pulling out an apple.

A miſs that's brought up in a boarding ſchool,
Or in a cloyſter,
Is like a ſtool,
And like an oyſter.
For though a bungler can't get at her,
An oyſter-monger who has thought on't well,
And underſtands the matter,
Contrives a way into the ſhell,
Like any eel,
Into a wheel,
Of wicker,
Gobbling the oyſter and the liquor.
The reaſon why ſhe is like a ſtool, methinks
Is this;
(I do not mean a ſtool that ſtinks)
That never can be like a miſs;
I mean a ſtool,
Not in the nature of a chair,
But a mere tool,
Placed in a corner here and there
With an intent
Not to be uſeful—but for ornament;
Juſt like the image of a Chineſe lubbard,
Sitting upon a chimney-piece or cupboard.
Yet when a drawing room is full,
Or when a company draws near
That bleſſed ſphere,
Where all are happy that are dull,

And they are taken up with ſome debater,
You clap you down ſlipping aſide
And ſo your ſtool is occupy'd
Sooner or later.
And ſo a miſs that's thrown aſide like lumber,
Altho' they watch her,
Will find occaſions without number,
If any one's inclin'd to catch her.
When a man's ſaying all he has to ſay,
And ſomething comes acroſs the way,
Without a provocation,
I do not call it a digreſſion,
But a temptation
Which requires diſcretion.
And therefore I petition
For leave to give a definition
Of the word reputation;
'Tis an impreſſion or a ſeal
Engrav'd, not upon ſteel,
On a tranſparent education,
Which, held up to the light,
Diſcovers all the ſtrokes and touches
That mark the lady of a knight,
A mantua-maker, or a ducheſs.
A miſs brought up in fairy courts,
Practis'd in ſublunary ſports,
And contemplations in the dark,

Is apt to be ſurpriz'd
By a ſuperior power diſguis'd
Like an attorney's clerk;
Oft in the darkeſt night, when every head
Is wrapp'd in ſleep,
And free from cares,
He ſallies from the deep,
Stealing up the back ſtairs,
And without dread,
He'll creep
Upon you unawares
Into your bed.
A fairy is a cunning elf,
And ſeldom meditates a rape
In any ſhape
That you ſuſpect yourſelf.
Sometimes in front he will appear
Juſt like a barber's block,
And ſometimes hang upon your rear,
Dreſs'd in your footman's frock.
When once you are enchanted,
You are commonly poſſeſs'd all night,
Like any houſe that's haunted,
And like a haunted houſe, a prieſt muſt ſet you right.
And then by reaſon of your tender age
You are no leſs in danger,
From HAMLET and RANGER,
The enchanters of the ſtage.

You are not open to ſo many ſnares,
From dancers, ſingers,
And fiddle-ſtringers,
As from players.
Players make love by letters patent,
All other artiſts are excluded,
But now and then it has ſo happen'd,
The law has been eluded;
And by a trick of a logician,
No lawyer's whim;
For inſtance, if the artiſt's a muſician,
You muſt convert the propoſition,
That is, you muſt make love to him.
I do not mean, my dears,
To alarm you with my fears,
Though I could bring examples recent,
And make reflections,
To ſhew that ſuch amours are neither decent,
Nor good for your complexions.
Let but a ſingle ſpark of fire fall
Into a powder magazine,
It blows up all,
Quite and clean.
So when you have finiſh'd a neat billet-doux,
All but the ſtopping,
And you're in raptures leaning,
A drop of ink, you know not how,
Comes dropping,
And blots out all the meaning,

If you delight in ſlops
And will be always taſting and touching,
You may meet ſlops where a few drops
Will blot your ſcutcheon:
Your face breaks out in ſpots, or you're inflated
To a degree
So as to be
Homunculated.
I quite forgot I was in ſuch a trance
To give a hint,
Aſquint,
About a country dance.
Dancing contributes greatly, 'tis confeſs'd,
To open and dilate your cheſt,
And is exceeding good,
To purify the blood
And humours.
But if you ſit too long, and cool too quick,
Your hand is ſeiz'd and you fall ſick.
It feels as if it felt—all over—tumours,
Shaking, as if you ſhook a ſtick,
Tingling and numb,
Finger and thumb,
Paralitic.
If people would but ſtick to their profeſſions,
You would be dancing,
Not ſitting and romancing,
Like an old juſtice at a ſeſſions.

Suppoſing now you have eſcaped all rocks,
Not without many ſhocks
Amongſt the ſhoals of calumny and rancour,
Thank heaven you are not ſtranded;
Throw out your anchor,
And then do what you pleaſe when you are landed.
Sure I ſpeak plain enough, you underſtand
That I would have you marry out of hand;
Whether you wed a coxcomb or a ſloven,
By fair means or by covin;
Marriage reſembles a perpetual oven.
Your chief expence and trouble's in the making,
Which need not be repeated,
Unleſs you are cheated,
From the firſt time you put a cake in.
For after that without being heated,
It will continue fit for baking;
Conſtantly ready night and day,
If you don't bake at home, your neighbour may
Do but contemplate a pudding's end,
There is a ſtring goes round about
Her ſnout.
The ſtring is very much the pudding's friend,
He keeps her within bounds, or elſe ſhe would be
ſpoil'd,
And by his means ſhe gets well boil'd.
Look at that Spit again,
What is it keeps your meat from burning;

It is a chain
That humours it in turning;
And by that means, as you have often boaſted,
Your meat is always nicely roaſted.
Juſt ſuch another tye is marriage;
I take the marriage-nooſe, or wedding ring,
If you are prudent in your carriage
To be a pudding-ſtring.
And for the marriage-chain, 'tis prov'd as clear as glaſs,
To be but a jack-chain——a chain for a jack-aſs.
'Tis all made out as fine as ſilk:
Now attend my lovely laſſes,
And I'll provide you all with aſſes.
——You ſhall not want for aſſes milk.
I wiſh a miſs was like a leek,
Whoſe head is long,
And ſtrong,
Altho' the tail
Be frail
And weak.
I could ſay in three words all that I have to ſpeak,
Diſſemble
Whether you reſemble
The proud or weak.
Meekneſs and pride alike inflame deſire,
A truth well known among the wenchers;
So oil or brandy thrown into the fire,
Are neither of them quenchers.

Take that which ſuits you beſt, my gentle dames,
Either will do to ſet a houſe in flames.
'Tis not ſufficient to inflame,
You muſt provoke, but you muſt tame.
Obſerve the anglers,
They don't take every fiſh that comes;
So, many of your danglers,
Are but bull-heads and miller's thumbs.
A captain or ſome pretty fellow,
May dangle with you at a Rout;
Juſt as they fiſh for ſalmon with a menow,
Or a red clout.
But when you walk with Strephon arm in arm,
And feel all over new-milk warm,
Whilſt he complains of penalties and pains;
You'll ſeem
Like an iced cream
If you have any brains.
Adam was weary of a ſingle life,
And ſeeing Eve baſhful and nice,
He thought her fitter for a wife,
Than any beaſt in paradiſe.
So when a ſquire ſees a maiden coy,
He makes a jointure;
And in a fit of joy,
Prefers her to a pointer.
Milton's DELAY, it is no word of my inventing,
Lies in a point,

If you can hit the joint,
Between forbidding and conſenting.
Juſt like the cream of which you have been told,
Delicious, when 'tis not too cold.
All ſmall delays are right,
They make folks keen,
Whether they mean
To play or fight.
So at a battle and a cocking,
The combatants, before they let them go,
Stand a little while and crow.
And when you throw the ſtocking,
After the bride and bridegroom's bedded;
The bride encouraged by that pauſe,
Yields to the laws
And is beheaded.

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